THE "JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON IS ON PAGE 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 589. | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

A 37,926

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

RUSSIA CAN BE SAVED

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

The Real Thing!

Coffee made in the ordinary way needs the addition of both milk and sugar; *"Milkmaid" Café au Lait* needs neither, you simply add boiling water and it's ready in a "jiffy" — the finest coffee that you ever tasted. Just try a tin, but be sure you get the genuine

Milkmaid

CAFÉ AU LAIT

(KAFFAY-O-LAY)

Not an essence, or anything of that sort, but the *real thing*, the famous Café au Lait of our French Allies. A fragrant and delicious beverage for morning, noon or night, and a real War-time Economy. No trouble, No risk of failure, No waste, No 'grounds' for complaint.

Packed by the well-known firm of Nestlé, and sold by all Grocers and Stores. Cash price 5½d., 10½d., and 1/8 per tin.

COME TO THE GREAT
CASH SALE

Three Manufacturers' Stocks of splendid Furniture offered

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

COME to the Midland Salons to-day in time to secure the first choice of the wonderful Furniture Bargains we are offering. Three vast stocks of magnificent Furniture have been purchased by the Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd., for cash. As it is impossible to store them, we have decided on a sensational all-round reduction of prices, in many cases by as much as 50%. Thus you will be able to

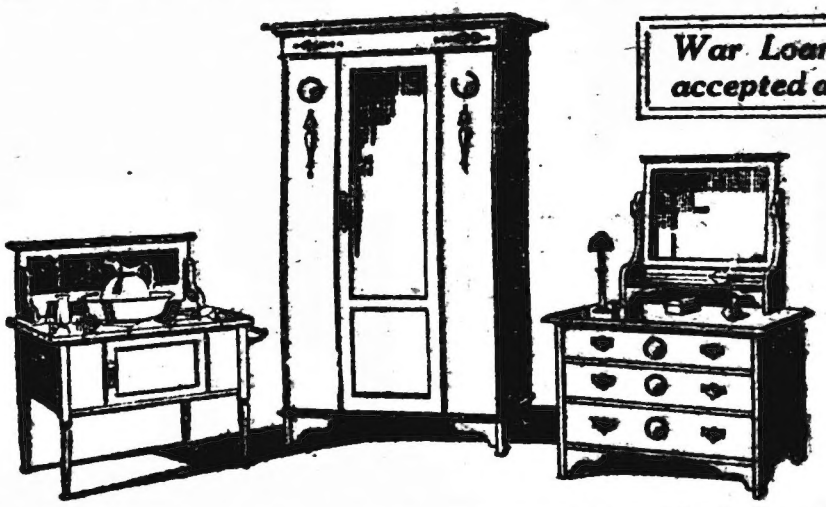
save £50 in every £100 spent.

In addition to this unparalle'ed saving, we give you an extra 15% discount for prompt cash on every purchase made at the Sale. Never again in your lifetime may you have so splendid an opportunity of making your home beautiful for so small an outlay.

Let us pay your Return Fare

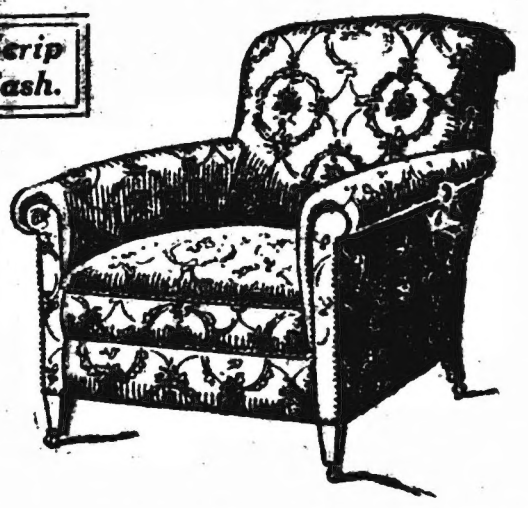
Come to the Sale to-day—we will pay return fares for all who purchase £20 worth and upwards, as no Sale Catalogues can be issued owing to the Paper Shortage.

War Loan Scrip accepted as Cash.



Elegant Bedroom Suite in fumed oak, comprising Wardrobe with Mirror panel in door, Washhandstand with marble top and tiled back, Dressing Table with swing Mirror and 3 commodious drawers. Usual price £21 0s. 0d.

Our SALE PRICE - £13 13s.



Luxurious Easy Chair, beautifully sprung and covered in Tapestry. These chairs are usually sold at £5 5s. 0d.

Our SALE PRICE - £3 3s.

A special section of the Sale will be devoted to fine second-hand furniture at drastically reduced prices. All goods are packed and delivered free.

Midland
Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Special credit terms can be arranged for those who desire to furnish out of income, thus enabling them to participate in the advantages of this unique Sale.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. *Governing Director,* **GEORGE MICHAEL,** *who has been associated with the business for 40 years.* Saturdays—9 till 1.

The Last Frolic of the Day.

The bath is over with its splashing and its fun. And bedtime's coming with its blessing and its kiss. But, in between, these two most precious beings have a half-hour all their own; a little time to revel in their buoyant health and spirits, for both are well, and both are very happy.

A happy baby makes a happy mother; and a baby fed on Glaxo is always happy, because Glaxo is a baby's ideal nourishment, wherever, for any reason, his mother's milk is not available. Glaxo not only fully nourishes, but leaves baby free from indigestion — the cause of more unhappy babies than most people suspect.

As every mother knows, pure, clean, fresh, rich cow's milk is best after healthy breast milk for baby, and this is just what Glaxo Standardised Dried Milk is. But it has the added advantage that it does not go sour. The Glaxo process of drying the milk destroys the germs which are the cause of milk-borne diseases (such as diphtheria, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, etc.), and it also prevents the curd (casein) forming a leathery, hard-to-digest mass in baby's stomach—instead it forms into friable pieces from which baby can easily and quickly get its nutriment, which goes to form firm flesh and dense bones.

Doubtless you will join the happy band of mothers who have already found by comfortable experience that Glaxo Dried Milk is the food that saves them from worry and anxiety, and ensures Baby a healthy constitution with the prospects of a bright, happy future.

Glaxo

DRIED MILK

Builds Bonnie Babies.

1/3, 2/6 & 6/3 per tin of all Chemists and Stores.

46 Page Baby Book FREE.

Send the Coupon or a Postcard to-day and we will send you, free of all cost to yourself, a 46-page book of hints about Baby treatment, and more complete information about Glaxo Dried Milk.

Proprietors: JOSEPH NATHAN & CO., Ltd., London—and New Zealand.

Please use this COUPON.

GLAXO (Dept. 36), 155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W. 1.
Please send me the 46-page Glaxo Baby Book FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

My Chemist is.....

22597 15/9/17

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 13.

"A.S.C."

They may chaff and call us "Ally Sloper's Cavalry," but they'd be in a hole with no one to give a young Sub a lift on his way home from leave, or to bring up the crumps, or get a move on for supplies, . . . next to the Postman I reckon the fellow most welcome is he who brings up the Cigarettes, and "Army Clubs" for choice.

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens at Home and Abroad.

20 *for* **11d.,** **50** *for* **2/3,** **100** *for* **4/6.**

Packets of 10 can be obtained in those convenient paper pockets at 5½d.

It's Tommy's FLAG DAY

It's a flag day in camp when the packets of WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum arrive from friends at home—the most welcomed of *all* the gifts from "Blighty."

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum has been an important feature in this War and the boys cannot do without it. Its valuable qualities are firmly established. It relieves fatigue, drives away thirst, and is also a powerful aid to digestion. It has proved a blessing to many of our throat parched fighting men.

Packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

Be sure you keep up the supply—Enclose a packet in every letter you send to your boys in the Army and Navy.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY LTD. **Lambeth Palace Road.** **LONDON, S.E. 1.**

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Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

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"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Editor.

Next week's issue will contain the first of a series of special articles by the Editor in connection with a very important mission upon which—with the sanction of the Government and the War Office—he is now engaged, but as to which no public announcement can, at the time of our going to press, be made.

Moonshine!

We were in the thick of that air raid the other night, doing our best to cheer up affrighted women and children. And we could not help reflecting upon the official platitude about these things being of "no military importance."

Henderson's Political Suicide.

How pitifully has Mr. Henderson fallen from political grace! As a parliamentary force, he is dead; as a Labour Leader, he is finished. Ramsay has been his undoing.

Unmasking the Kaiser.

After the revelations of Mr. Gerard and of the Petrograd archives, do you any longer doubt the Kaiser's duplicity? We have been in the habit, by the way, at our war meetings during the past three years, of mentioning most of the incidents now formally disclosed to the public.

Morel—

We suggest that when this man has done his six months he should be interned, as being suspect of hostile associations. The law is quite clear.

And Another.

Speaking of this case, by the way, why was Missi Sidgwick left out of it? We decline to believe that her relationship to Mr. Balfour had anything to do with the matter.

***Six* Men in a Boat.**

Britannia rules the waves! And six escaped German prisoners were able to steal a rowing boat and get 170 miles out to sea!

Scarborough.

And a German submarine was able to shell the Scarborough coast and get safely away. "Good Geddes!"

Kitchener.

Who is really responsible for the indecent report about certain people wishing to obtain a policy at Lloyd's on the contingency of Lord Kitchener having been alive at the end of last month? The great soldier went down on the *Hampshire*, as the result of an explosion caused by a bomb placed in the vessel by a German spy.

Asquith or Grey?

When Dr. Dillon wanted to reveal the Kaiser-Czar plot to the "eminent statesman" who was the "authorised spokesman" of the Government, he was told to shut up. That charge Asquith or Grey must answer.

John Burns.

Watch John. By nature the most modest of men, he is just now wearing a very self-satisfied smile.

What Did We Tell You?

Several weeks ago we asked why the German prisoners had been removed from the Stratford Internment Camp. In one of the recent air raids that camp was blown to blazes!

King Edward's Shrewdness—

King Edward was the only man the Kaiser couldn't bamboozle. Do you remember his comment on the Hague Conferences? "I think them great nonsense," said he.

And Satire.

And that speech of his at the Kiel Regatta Banquet in 1904, just prior to the Kaiser-Czar correspondence? "Your Majesty," said King Edward, addressing the Kaiser, "has spoken of your newly born fleet, and the interest I have always taken in yachting compels me to congratulate your Majesty on having induced so many of your subjects to become devoted to that particular branch of sport."

After Many Years!

From a work on spiritualism—entitled "The Communion of Saints"; the author is explaining how intercourse with the noble dead may be secured: "By such means you may even meet and speak with Jesus of Nazareth, Buddha, Socrates, Francis of Assisi, Emerson, Paine, Bradlaugh, Tennyson, Tolstoi and many other noble men." Paine and Bradlaugh among the saints. Well! well!

Classy!

We have always understood that the *Nation* was one of the superior journals. Here is a specimen of its literary excellence:—

> On that rather awful day
> When the Heavens shall pass away,
> Sinners call on rocks to hide them,
> While assembled worlds deride them.
> Ghastlier terrors now appal,
> Blanch the blackest sheep of all,
> Ere they meet the final foe
> Summoned to their Little Go—
> Bound to interim duress
> In the pit called Bottomley's.

Worthy of the Poet Laureate—at his worst!

More Air Raids! Be prepared by signing our Free Insurance Coupon—page iii of Cover.

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"Whitehaven's M.P."

We have told how Whitehaven refused to hear its pacifist M.P., Mr. Tom Richardson. There was a sequel to the hustling he received. It occurred before the Magistrates, when eight persons were brought up on charges including unlawful conduct, assaulting a police officer, and damaging property. After a lengthy hearing and much piquant evidence, it took the Magistrates only ten minutes to decide to dismiss all charges. "The result was received with loud and repeated cheers." Mr. Richardson now knows the opinion of the constituency he mis-represents.

Most envied of all 'mongst soldier men, is the one who possesses a "John Bull" Pen.

Feminine.

The police have recently arrested several men, dressed as women, who say they are Conscientious Objectors, and who put on feminine attire in order to evade military service. At first sight it would seem to be almost the ideal military uniform for the Conscientious Object; but second thoughts decide that its adoption in these cases would be regarded by women as a gross insult to their sex.

Just a Coincidence.

From Addington we learn that a two-seater aeroplane came down in a field there on August 27th, undamaged, and was left for the night unguarded. In the early morning of August 28th, according to the newspapers, two escaped German prisoners—airmen—were recaptured in the woods not so very far from that 'plane. Now, if somebody had not collared them ——?

Peter and Paul.

There are several ways of robbing Peter to pay Paul. The Rochdale Guardians have found one of them. Having reduced the tobacco allowance of the Workhouse inmates by one-half and thus saved £250 a year, they promptly granted war bonus to all the Workhouse officials to the extent of £1,000 a year. The inmates have lived in luxurious ignorance too long. Now they know there is a war on.

Difference after Death.

Government has taken over part of Brookwood Cemetery for soldiers who die of wounds or sickness contracted in the war. There is to be a separate grave for every Colonial, marked with a small wooden cross. But British soldiers are to be buried in coffins, four to each grave, the place to be marked with a tin plate, numbered. We are sure Colonials will be among the first to object to such a distinction being made after death. Men who share danger equally should at least rest equal in the tomb.

Another Half-Crown.

Bristol Guardians advocate another half-crown addition to old-age pensions, making 10s. in all. We see nothing wild or extravagant in that. Probably there is no class in the community who feel the pinch in this war more acutely than these poor old people, and, even if they had ten shillings a week, they would be able to live in no greater luxury than in pre-war days, when they had only five. And they were not on the downy side, even then.

"Horses' Hell at Wormwood Scrubs."

With reference to our recent article under this heading, based on the statements of an Australian eye-witness, we have received a very large number of letters, most of them expressing wonder how such brutal things can be. Such a state of affairs may be matter for surprise, but there is no doubt of the truth. Two Inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A., as well as an L.C.C. official, were certainly on the Scrubs, but it is not likely that such atrocities would be committed in their presence—they were all in uniform!

"Come, Birdie, Come."

Judging by the strong language of a Surrey lady, not everybody with his or her back to the land agrees with the official encouragement of bird and nest destruction. She says the Order has resulted in such an increase of creepy-crawlies that they have not only made gardening a terror, but laid the vegetables in ruin. "I only hope," she exclaims, "that those old sillies who ordered that children should be paid for this senseless slaughter (£43 in one village, I believe) are better satisfied with the result than we who cultivate the land. Now money, I hear, has to be paid for the destruction of butterflies and caterpillars!" Never mind. This country wallows in riches.

The Proper Guard.

A couple of Tommies "who have done their bit" comment on the number of Germhuns who escape from internment. They think the guard very slack. "They must be men who have never had anything to do with the Boche out there, and probably their conscience will not let them stick one. Give the job to men who have had two or three years' active service. They will keep them behind the wires." A sound, sensible notion, from the Men who Know.

The Polish Militaire.

"We wish to ask the manufacturers of polishes used chiefly by soldiers," write the Boys of Hut 7, Brocton Camp, "how they expect us to keep our equipment, etc., clean—and thereby win this terrible war—if they raise the price of the polishes as far as 50 per cent." Quite right, too. An army without polish is almost as bad as an army without discipline. Surely conscientious manufacturers, if any, will not endanger the war by so imposing on the boys who wish to keep merry and bright.

A Mem. for Munition Workers.

We are glad to observe that at the Kent Munition Tribunal emphasis has been laid upon that wholesome clause in the Munitions Act which provides that "a worker who is prevented from earning anything for more than two consecutive days is entitled to a Leaving Certificate." The proviso in question is aimed at the common practice of "suspension," without wages, often for the most trivial offences, and the fact that in such circumstances a worker is entitled to change his employment cannot be too widely known.

Ignoring the Soldier.

Portadown has followed several bad examples. The post of Petty Sessions Clerk was vacant, the late Clerk having died while on active service. Colonel Blacker proposed to appoint Sergeant Sewell, who had been a law clerk, had fought on the Somme, and had been wounded nigh unto death. "He was well qualified to fill the office," said the Colonel, "and was entitled to the support of the Magistrates." But these gentlemen promptly appointed a police-officer. This sort of thing is absolutely hateful.

Where are Those Motor Tractors?

Where are those motor tractors Mr. Prothero and his official agriculturists have made such a whoop about? Evidence accumulates that there is more whoop than tractors. Hundreds of ploughs are idle throughout the country because the motor tractors promised for them are invisible, and apparently non-existent. In the meantime supervisors at five guineas a week and expenses, mechanics at four guineas a week and expenses, and clerks at two guineas a week and expenses are on the ground as "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa." No wonder the war costs £56,000,000 a week, and the Government really can't give you a shorter war for the money.

"One of the Worst."

The "matrimonial agent," Charles Newland, who, under his numerous aliases—some sixteen in number—will be familiar to our readers, has at length been brought to book, receiving three years' penal servitude for bigamy and theft, his offences being described by the Judge as among the worst that had ever come before him. We placed at the disposal of the prosecution the bulky dossier we had accumulated concerning the rascal, and congratulate the authorities upon the able use they made of it. After this heavy sentence—following so quickly upon the five years awarded to Haddon, the Tipton postcard trickster, whose conviction was also mainly due to us—Newbound, and other persistent offenders whom we have pilloried, must be having bad dreams.

£250 for a few words. See page 20.

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Most envied of all 'mongst soldier men, is the one who possesses a "John Bull" Pen.

Feminine.

The police have recently arrested several men, dressed as women, who say they are Conscientious Objectors, and who put on feminine attire in order to evade military service. At first sight it would seem to be almost the ideal military uniform for the Conscientious Object; but second thoughts decide that its adoption in these cases would be regarded by women as a gross insult to their sex.

Just a Coincidence.

From Addington we learn that a two-seater aeroplane came down in a field there on August 27th, undamaged, and was left for the night unguarded, In the early morning of August 28th, according to the newspapers, two escaped German prisoners—airmen—were recaptured in the woods not so very far from that 'plane. Now, if somebody had not collared them ——?

Peter and Paul.

There are several ways of robbing Peter to pay Paul. The Rochdale Guardians have found one of them. Having reduced the tobacco allowance of the Workhouse inmates by one-half and thus saved £250 a year, they promptly granted war bonus to all the Workhouse officials to the extent of £1,000 a year. The inmates have lived in luxurious ignorance too long. Now they know there is a war on.

Difference after Death.

Government has taken over part of Brookwood Cemetery for soldiers who die of wounds or sickness contracted in the war. There is to be a separate grave for every Colonial, marked with a small wooden cross. But British soldiers are to be buried in coffins, four to each grave, the place to be marked with a tin plate, numbered. We are sure Colonials will be among the first to object to such a distinction being made after death. Men who share danger equally should at least rest equal in the tomb.

Another Half-Crown.

Bristol Guardians advocate another half-crown addition to old-age pensions, making 10s. in all. We see nothing wild or extravagant in that. Probably there is no class in the community who feel the pinch in this war more acutely than these poor old people, and, even if they had ten shillings a week, they would be able to live in no greater luxury than in pre-war days, when they had only five. And they were not on the downy side, even then.

"Horses' Hell at Wormwood Scrubs."

With reference to our recent article under this heading, based on the statements of an Australian eye-witness, we have received a very large number of letters, most of them expressing wonder how such brutal things can be. Such a state of affairs may be matter for surprise, but there is no doubt of the truth. Two Inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A., as well as an L.C.C. official, were certainly on the Scrubs, but it is not likely that such atrocities would be committed in their presence—they were all in uniform!

"Come, Birdie, Come."

Judging by the strong language of a Surrey lady, not everybody with his or her back to the land agrees with the official encouragement of bird and nest destruction. She says the Order has resulted in such an increase of creepy-crawlies that they have not only made gardening a terror, but laid the vegetables in ruin. "I only hope," she exclaims, "that those old sillies who ordered that children should be paid for this senseless slaughter (£43 in one village, I believe) are better satisfied with the result than we who cultivate the land. Now money, I hear, has to be paid for the destruction of butterflies and caterpillars!" Never mind. This country wallows in riches.

The Proper Guard.

A couple of Tommies "who have done their bit" comment on the number of Germhuns who escape from internment. They think the guard very slack. "They must be men who have never had anything to do with the Boche out there, and probably their conscience will not let them stick one. Give the job to men who have had two or three years' active service. They will keep them behind the wires." A sound, sensible notion, from the Men who Know.

The Polish Militaire.

"We wish to ask the manufacturers of polishes used chiefly by soldiers," write the Boys of Hut 7, Brocton Camp, "how they expect us to keep our equipment, etc., clean—and thereby win this terrible war—if they raise the price of the polishes as far as 50 per cent." Quite right, too. An army without polish is almost as bad as an army without discipline. Surely conscientious manufacturers, if any, will not endanger the war by so imposing on the boys who wish to keep merry and bright.

A Mem. for Munition Workers.

We are glad to observe that at the Kent Munition Tribunal emphasis has been laid upon that wholesome clause in the Munitions Act which provides that "a worker who is prevented from earning anything for more than two consecutive days is entitled to a Leaving Certificate." The proviso in question is aimed at the common practice of "suspension," without wages, often for the most trivial offences, and the fact that in such circumstances a worker is entitled to change his employment cannot be too widely known.

Ignoring the Soldier.

Portadown has followed several bad examples. The post of Petty Sessions Clerk was vacant, the late Clerk having died while on active service. Colonel Blacker proposed to appoint Sergeant Sewell, who had been a law clerk, had fought on the Somme, and had been wounded nigh unto death. "He was well qualified to fill the office," said the Colonel, "and was entitled to the support of the Magistrates." But these gentlemen promptly appointed a police-officer. This sort of thing is absolutely hateful.

Where are Those Motor Tractors?

Where are those motor tractors Mr. Prothero and his official agriculturists have made such a whoop about? Evidence accumulates that there is more whoop than tractors. Hundreds of ploughs are idle throughout the country because the motor tractors promised for them are invisible, and apparently non-existent. In the meantime supervisors at five guineas a week and expenses, mechanics at four guineas a week and expenses, and clerks at two guineas a week and expenses are on the ground as "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa." No wonder the war costs £56,000,000 a week, and the Government really can't give you a shorter war for the money.

"One of the Worst."

The "matrimonial agent," Charles Newland, who, under his numerous aliases—some sixteen in number—will be familiar to our readers, has at length been brought to book, receiving three years' penal servitude for bigamy and theft, his offences being described by the Judge as among the worst that had ever come before him. We placed at the disposal of the prosecution the bulky dossier we had accumulated concerning the rascal, and congratulate the authorities upon the able use they made of it. After this heavy sentence—following so quickly upon the five years awarded to Haddon, the Tipton postcard trickster, whose conviction was also mainly due to us—Newbound, and other persistent offenders whom we have pilloried, must be having bad dreams.

£250 for a few words. See page 20.

ON COAST DUTY FOR "JOHN BULL."

THE COMING AIR INVASION AND HOW TO DEFEAT IT.

BY A. G. HALES.

SOME months ago, with the sanction of the Editor of this journal, I came to the south-east coast to watch the development of what the Germans termed the aerial invasion of England, and have been in every raid of importance so far brought off either by night or day. Taking lodgings in a part of a town that was considered a danger zone, I remained for a time, and had no experience beyond watching enemy aircraft fly overhead evidently in search of an important aerodrome of ours. Thinking myself too far from the enemies' objective, I rented a workman's cottage as close to the aerodrome as military regulations would permit, and almost immediately after I quitted my original diggings the enemy dropped a couple of bombs within a few yards of my first abode, blotting out a house and sending a piece of debris against the window of the room in which I used to do my writing. It was evident my luck was out, as I had shifted just too soon. I had small cause, however, to complain, for the Huns sought the aerodrome, and still seek it with devilish persistency. It has become a commonplace pastime watching them fly over my cottage in search of their prey by day, and the whirr of their engines by night brings me away from my writing so often that it has long ceased to have the attraction of novelty. On one occasion they dropped bombs east, west, north and south of the aerodrome, and never made a hit that mattered. The thing that has impressed me more than anything else is the amazing luck of the coastal residents; bombs that should shatter a street fall into garden plots and expend their destructive energy tearing up the soil. If one read of these happenings in a novel, the book would be tossed aside as "impossible." Yet it is the strict truth, though how the raiders miss the houses in daylight—flying, as I have seen them fly, at an amazingly low altitude—passes the understanding of man; what they do hit in the shape of a dwelling they devastate.

Good Fortune—Not Good Management.

By all the laws of probability they ought to have killed hundreds where they have killed tens. I saw a bomb fall one Sunday afternoon close to a group of fifteen or twenty people who were hurrying homewards; it landed in the soft earth of a field close to the roadside, hurled soil upwards in a great cloud—and not a soul was injured, though many were splashed with dirt. I have seen many happenings as weird as that, and know that the days of miracles have not passed—these *are* the days of miracles. On the Sunday afternoon in question the cool cheek of the invaders was appalling. They did not hurry; they did not fly high—they hovered like hawks above a dovecot. Two squads of our machines were up, one on either side of the invaders, but they could not tackle them because shells from our anti-aircraft guns were bursting all the time between them and the enemy. I never saw worse gunnery in my life, even in China. Nor have I ever witnessed worse tactics; there was absolutely no combination between our aircraft and our land guns. As a specimen of generalship, it would have driven the late Lord Roberts into a cold frenzy of wrath; it was a pitiable exhibition of utter incompetence. The German airmen treated it all with contempt; they flew about like birds and never hurried. Thank the saints, their bombing was as bad as our gunnery. A few days later they came again, and they got a reception that did my heart good to watch. I don't know if new guns or new gunners, or both, had arrived in the interval, but this time our gunnery was superb. The Huns quickly realised that a new order of things pertained below, and dashed off at frantic speed, one going inland, one seaward. Shells followed both, exploding just above or below or behind them. Our gunners were in rare good form, and I knew they would get the enemy, in spite of their haste to get to a more congenial sphere. The landward one got it first; she heeled over, broke into flame and plunged down to her doom. The seaward craft soon followed, dropping into the water close to the coast; one of the crew of women-killers was saved. He would not have been had I been in charge of operations; he came to shamble women in order to create panic in England—I would have let him die like a dog.

Night Attacks.

We get plenty of them along the coast. I saw one town pretty badly hit, but the people—almost entirely working-class—took it grandly. They nearly all stand it well, but there is a feeling of savage resentment growing up which will be hard to quell if more energetic action is not shortly taken by the Government. It gets upon the nerves of the populace to hear the whirr of machinery through the darkness; then the sullen bursting of bombs, the crash of falling masonry, and the warning to take cover. It is this warning to hide that is making the people savage. If they were ordered out to fight they would not mind it at all; it is the thought that Britons must hide like rabbits—and the knowledge that in Germany proper the Hun populace, male and female, are laughing, boasting, and jeering in perfect safety—that is making a spirit our rulers will do well to take notice of before passion overcomes reason. There would be little laughing or boasting in Germany if after every raid on our towns we sent an aerial squadron to smash up some place well beyond the Rhine; and our folk demand that if our women are to be killed, the Huns of the female species shall be compelled to run the same risks. My personal opinion is—and I speak with knowledge of the German people—that only one or two attacks would have to be made on *inner* German cities to cause the Hun civil population to stop this war on *our* women. They would do it for their own preservation's sake. If they did not stop I would blot them out, male and female—civilise or slay them. The man who goes half-way in war is worse than a fool; he is an enemy to his own side. We played at the blockade and let the Huns store up cotton to make ammunition to kill our lads—and we hanged nobody. We still let 25,000 foes walk about to spy upon us. We treat enemy pirates who murder our seamen in cold blood as if they were honourable fighters, and bury them, when they fall, with all the honours of war. They sink our hospital ships laden with our wounded. They deliberately fire upon our land hospitals and shamble our maimed soldiers. Are we going to permit these air-raids to continue until thousands of our women are nerve wrecks and thousands of nerve-shaken children are brought into the world to fill, in the future, homes for imbeciles—or are we going across the Rhine with our aerial fleet on a crusade of too long deferred vengeance? If we have not in this fourth year of the war a sufficiency of aircraft for such a crusade, some man high up in authority wants whipping through the public highways. If Germany can build enough with all her ports closed, we, with all our ports open to obtain supplies of material, have no excuse for failure except utter incompetence or dishonesty. I am the reverse of an alarmist, but I feel assured there will be a tremendous outbreak of public fury in the immediate future if our people are told to hide like rats whilst our Government refuses to strike back—in order to curry favour with sentimentalists. We must protect our own women.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, Commanding London District.

DEAR GENERAL,—Sometimes I wonder whether you realise that the Army is fighting, and not merely engaged in some sort of ceremonial parade. You have introduced many petty and not a few vexatious regulations, but this latest fad of yours to enforce the rigid discipline of the salute in the case of the wounded soldier, is going a bit too far. How can you expect our gallant fellows—many of whom are hardly able to crawl about on sticks—to obey your Orders, which include standing at attention in oscillating tube trains whenever an officer happens to get in? Really, General, you *must* pull yourself together.

JOHN BULL.

To W. B. Woodforde, Esq., J.P., Derby County Bench.

SIR,—Pressure of other matters has prevented my giving earlier attention to that scandalous case at the Derby County Police Court, in which a poor old man of 72 was sentenced to two months' hard labour for the theft of four pounds of gooseberries, valued at 1s. 4d. On the face of the matter, this penalty seems to have been out of all proportion to the nature of the offence—although, of course, I shall be ready to give proper weight to any explanation or excuse which you, as Chairman of the Bench, may care to offer. Otherwise. I must hold you guilty of a wanton abuse of your judicial powers.

JOHN BULL.

To G. P. Wyatt, Esq., Corsner, Southern District, London.

MY DEAR INQUESTS,—Seems to me you are becoming a very precise and particular man. For instance, there was that inquest on the Streatham money-lender the other day, when his secretary, appearing as a witness, alluded to his late employer's customers as clients. "I object to your calling them clients," you acidulated; "might as well call them patients." And "patients"—I know something about the habits of this particular business—is about what the customers of not a few money-lenders really are; they are in the consulting room to be killed or cured. More, unfortunately, are killed than cured, for there is not only such a thing as the money-lending instinct, but also such a thing as the money-borrowing habit; the lender won't, and the borrower can't, let go. No doubt it is hard to borrow; it is still harder, for most people, to pay back. As my Lord Rochester has it: "It's a very good world to live in, To lend, or to spend, or to give in; But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own, It's the very worst world that ever was known."

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Rhondda, Food Controller.

DEAR LORD RHONDDA,—When are you going to abolish war bread? It is ruining the health of the people, and is wasteful to a degree. And, by the way, what is Dr. Saleeby doing in your galley?

JOHN BULL.

To Capt. Francis H. N. Harvey, R.N. (Ret.), Cams Lodge, Hambledon, Hants.

CAPTAIN,—At a time when people much less fortunate than yourself are suffering severely from food scarcity and high prices, it seems to me scandalous that you—an ex-Captain of H.M. Navy, professionally trained, as one may say, to patriotism—should leave yourself open to a charge in a public police court—you, and your wife with you—of hoarding. When the police examined your house they found in it more than 300 lbs. of flour, in addition to a large quantity of other foodstuffs, "including sugar, tea, cocoa, potted tongues, corned beef, potted beef, preserved plums, pears, apricots, gooseberries, loganberries, raspberries, peaches, cheese, butter, margarine, 26 Christmas puddings in tins, etc."—a supply almost enough for weeks of siege. I am not at all convinced that the £100 fines and costs inflicted on you and your wife were adequate to the nature of the offence, having regard to all that is happening in this Satanic war. Yet it may well be that the discreditable publicity to which you have exposed yourself will induce others in your social position to think twice or thrice before they venture to follow your example in selfish greed.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Dr. A. A. L. Fisher, M.P., Board of Education.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—It has been a Board of Deaducation for a long time now; and betwixt you and me and the "three R's," I don't admire your plans to resurrect it. By the way, you might care to know what a Cambridge Tripos woman tells me. She has taught, she says, three years in a Secondary School in a specialist capacity. Hearing of new education schemes about, she made inquiries of your Department with the idea of taking part in the scheme—with the result that the Department offered her clerical work at the eleemosynary emolument of 23s. per week, and no war bonus for a cut off the roast on Sundays. Between that and an Inspectorship, she was seriously informed, there was no place for women in the department of National Education. Not to be inquisitive, I hope, may I ask what does the Department pay its washerwomen? In the event of any increase on 23 bob, I am inclined to advise the lady to take the job and start washing the brains of somebody in your jurisdiction, with a view to promotion. No work for a woman at the Board of Education! *La, la!* as the French say. If it wasn't all so stupid, I *should* laugh.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Goods Manager, Midland Railway, Derby.

DEAR MANAGER,—Just a few words. One of your men—twelve years working for you, with an exemplary character—tried for two months to get your Company's permission to enlist. He was refused; the country was calling for men, and, like a man, he answered. By so doing he forfeited the allowance the railway would have made to his wife. He is now going back to France for the fourth time, and he asked for a privilege ticket (one-third of fare) so that his wife might visit him in camp before departure. You tell him that, as he joined without permission, no such ticket can be issued. Do think it over. It was not the man's fault that he went without permission—he just *had* to go. He risked everything finely—position, life itself. And you would punish him, in accordance with cold official regulations! Do not be vindictive in such cases; try a little magnanimity. You will like the taste.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Ian Carroll, Locum Tenens, St. Mary's, Stamford, Lincs.

DEAR LOCUM,—I can see you eating a peck of trouble when the Vicar comes home—anticipating which, I trust you got the preaching money in advance. To think of your starting "a course of three sermons" on what the Lord said to the woman of Samaria, and then at the first pop rushing away on a side line to tell the congregation that "when war broke out the Church was caught napping"; that "even during the war she has missed her opportunities and failed—failed miserably"; and that, at the conclusion of the war, you "hope the Church will be disestablished and disendowed"! Why, man alive, do you know what will happen after this? The folk will say you must have read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the great organ at the sign of the Long Acre, and Heaven have mercy on you! You'll be asking me to come and read the lessons next, I suppose!

JOHN BULL.

To George Thompson, Lutton Marsh, Long Sutton.

SIR,—You are a very lovely example of the profiteering farmer. I don't say you are the loveliest; but if your potato dealings are a sample, and the magisterial mulct of £5,500 and £250 costs doesn't cure you, I dare say you will get on. By your own admission you made an illegal profit of £5,100 through "besting" the Food Controller—and that is only your admission. You had six months start by law, so that it is long odds you were doing pretty well in the great potato stunt before you were caught out. I will lay a trifle that even now, sir, you've a grievance against the Government that they won't own up to running this war as a game of grab and greed for sinners like you. £100 fine on fifty-five summonses was the maximum. I assure you it would not have been if I had fixed the penalty. In spite of your age, I would have found you in addition a home for the period of the war and for six months after.

JOHN BULL.

CADS AND THE CADBURYS.

BOYCOTT THE WHOLE COCOA GANG—PUNISH THE FRIENDS OF THE FOE!

Why is it that the so-called Pacifists always appear to lean towards the enemy? What is the mentality of men who seem to prefer to succour our foes than to give of their substance to support our own gallant sons? Really it is time some public action, something which these weak-kneed Englishmen—save the name!—can feel if not in their hard British hearts at least in their susceptible pockets, should be taken to bring them to a sense of shame—to fix them with the crying guilt of want of patriotism. Have you read of the fine public-spirited step taken by the Worcestershire Prisoners of War Committee in scornfully returning the mean and measly £5 which was all Mr. Barrow Cadbury could find it in his soul to subscribe in support of the county's war prisoners in Germany and Turkey? It makes your blood boil to contrast the liberality of this same cocoa-stained person when money was sought for the comfort of alien enemies, interned and uninterned, in this country. Then he could give, not a paltry fiver from his huge profits made out of the people of this country, but £750, while the firm of Cadbury Bros. came down ignobly handsome for the Hun with a cheque for £1,500. "By their deeds ye shall know them"! Do the cads who comfort the foe, and the Cadburys who give generously of their gold where the enemy is concerned, realise what our poor fellows suffer in the camps and prisons of Germany and under the hideously cruel Turk? Have they never read of fever-racked patients deserted by the doctors—craven and callous members of a great profession? Have they no bowels of compassion for the men who have fought and been captured, who are starving in those camps of concentrated vileness in Germany? Have they no ears for the sickening thuds of the butt-end of the rifle which rains blows on inoffensive captives? Can they not hear the cry for food—for little comforts from home—for the evidences that, while they are suffering the double torture of imprisonment and cruelty, we here in sea-girt Britain are thinking of them, nay more, are providing for them? Consider it: £5 for our starving lads, £2,250 for the hated and the interned, for the men and women who raise shouts of joy as the murderous Zeppelin and the death-dealing Gotha sail on their bloody mission over our fair countryside and our peaceful towns—for those who sang songs of glee when the *Lusitania* sank! Realise this fact: that the cruel fanatics who spend all their sympathy on the hated enemy have subscribed comforts and luxuries to the value of £31,000 for our over-fed and pampered German prisoners. It is a shame and a crime. Look at some of the amounts: Baron Bruno Schröder—we know that Baron—£636; Sir Ernest Cassel—sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council!—£200; Mr. Barrow Cadbury, £750; Cadbury Bros., £1,500 (the figures deserve the ignominy of repetition); Mr. Joseph Rowntree, £270; Viscount Haldane, £75; Sir John Simon, £25; Lord Courtney, £30. And what adds to the meanness—it looks like the deliberate and ostentatious meanness—of that Cocoa £5 is that in Worcestershire the Cadburys possess a large factory and make profits out of the sweat and toil of the people of the county. Among the letters of indignation and of protest, coupled with admiration for the patriotic action of the Worcestershire Committee, which have reached us comes one burning with anger, but withal sane and practical. The writer calls upon the British public "*to eat nothing, drink nothing and read nothing with which the name of Cadbury is associated.*" Well, it is up to you, the readers of John Bull, to act upon this. Why should we support a home industry the profits from which go to support the enemy? The remedy is in your own hands. Let there be a boycott of the cads and the Cadburys. Put upon them the ban. You have a right to buy where you will and what you choose. In self-protection from mean acts and pernicious doctrines let there be an end to business with those stingy and paltry Pacifists. Then, and not till then, will the cads and the Cadburys—the pro-Germans and the Pacifists—begin to realise the full force of a nation's indignation and obloquy.

STRANGE CASE OF DR. SALEEBY.

FOOD AND DRINK CRANK'S "NATIONAL" WORK.

What is Dr. C. W. Saleeby, of the Strength of Britain Movement, doing at the Food Ministry? We ask the question because official reticence is pleased to surround him with a certain air of mystery, and because this notorious gentleman is evidently determined to evade military service by hook or by crook. This food and drink crank has obtained exemption on the strength of a certificate from the Ministry of Food that he is engaged on work of national importance in that Department. But no one appears to know exactly what is his work. At one moment we are told that his duty is to lecture; the next we are informed that he is retained as a food expert! Heaven help those who take his advice, and more particularly those who are affected by it. What are his qualifications? As a doctor of medicine he has ceased to count—it is so long since he practised. As a doctor of food notions he has probably been very useful to his original profession. Three questions call for an answer. Who pitchforked him into the Ministry of Food; has that Department ever heard of the scandal of the Strength of Britain Movement; and is Dr. Saleeby allowed to continue his crusade against the Government while hiding in a Government dug-out? Saleeby as a public lecturer certainly cannot hide his silly fads and teetotal fanaticism—his speech bewrayeth him. But as an expert adviser he may secretly do any amount of harm. We know if he had his way total prohibition would be imposed; that neither harvester nor munition worker—the one toiling in the field, the other sweating in the factory—would be allowed a half-pint of beer; and we know, moreover, that one of the gravest causes of the industrial unrest has been this question of beer. Yet such is the type of man who rushes to the Tribunal with a Food Ministry certificate only the day before his period of exemption expires—the day when the Commons adjourned, and the scandal of his case could not be raised in the House!

AN IMPUDENT SLACKER.

SELF-PRAISE THAT WAS NO RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Francis J. Dunn—no connection, as far as we know, with any of the Mad Hatters—is a gentleman who conceives himself to be pre-eminently fitted by nature for the job of Advance Agent to a theatrical company; at any rate, he has lately been addressing a circular letter to theatrical managers with this post in view. That Mr. Dunn has a good all-round conceit of himself is evident in the following extract from his self-advertising screed:—

> Perhaps I might mention in the absence of a photograph . . that I am of splendid personality, about 6 feet in height, well educated, and of a pleasing manner, and, further, that my references, both from the theatrical sphere and otherwise, are such as will bear testimony to the fact that I am well qualified for the position I seek in your company.

Perhaps so; and certainly "in the absence of a photograph" Mr. Dunn is safe in going strong on his "splendid personality." However, since his age is given as 26, some people may be tempted to suggest that this superb sample of physical manhood should first of all seek employment in the British Army. Foreseeing this objection, Mr. Dunn forestalls it with the statement that he is "exempt from military service as domiciled in Ireland"; but one theatrical manager, not content with this assurance, returned the letter of self-recommendation with a more or less polite hint that the writer should place his unrivalled talents at the disposal of the War Office without delay. Then it was that Mr. Francis J. Dunn dropped the mask of courtesy, emerging in his true colours. Back came the much-travelled circular, ear-marked with the strong authentic sentiments of this "well-educated" slacker:—"To Hell with you and your contemptible little Army, God Save Ireland and Up the Rebels and Strafe England." Forcible, very; but we fear that, as far as British theatrical enterprise is concerned, Dunn, alas! is done.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

JAPAN: "Don't forget that I'm in this, William!"

A GLARING INJUSTICE.

DAUGHTER DISMISSED FOR FATHER'S FAULT.

An important question of principle is raised in the following letter, addressed by the Manager of the Government Cartridge Factory at Blackpole, near Worcester, to the daughter of a discharged soldier employed until recently as a clerk at the factory:—

> We think it inadvisable, seeing that your father will be leaving us at the end of next week, for you to remain in our employ in the wages office, and as we have no use for your services in any other Department, kindly note that your services will not be required.

Now for the story as related to us: Earlier in the war the father, though considerably over age, volunteered for military service, and after a strenuous campaign in East Africa, broke down with malarial fever. Weakened by this illness, he was invalided home and finally discharged from the Army, subsequently obtaining clerical employment at the Blackpole Cartridge Factory, where his daughter, a girl of 15, was also engaged. For a while all went well, until the father, who appears to have been seriously overworked, made a mistake in his books, the tragic result of which was that a workgirl at the factory received 1s. 8d. more on her week's wages than was lawfully due to her. For this blunder the penalty was dismissal, not only for the father but for the daughter as well, as indicated in the foregoing letter. Against the daughter, be it said, there was no complaint of any kind. Fond of her work, she had discharged her duties with complete satisfaction to all concerned. At the loss of her position, we are informed, "the poor kiddie is broken-hearted." Indeed, in all the circumstances, the child's dismissal for the father's trivial fault is not merely an unmerited hardship, but a flagrant injustice, of which the King's Norton Metal Company, otherwise the Blackpole Cartridge Factory, should be thoroughly ashamed. Such cases as this cannot but aggravate the labour unrest which is, unfortunately, so prevalent, and so injurious to the national cause.

SLANDERING THE WOUNDED.

CLERGYMAN REPEATS ANONYMOUS CENSURE.

On the occasion of a religious meeting at Brighton, the Rev. Charles Inwood, in the course of an address to the Almighty, voiced an allegation against a certain military hospital which he might perhaps have hesitated to advance by way of direct speech to his audience. It appears that the matter originated with a "request for prayer" from an anonymous member of the congregation—although, in a moment of pious exuberance, Mr. Inwood seems rather to have exceeded his instructions, adding "That is not the only hospital in our land where Thou art dishonoured." In plain terms, the charge was one of blasphemous profanity against the inmates of Military Hospitals, a local institution being evidently singled out for special censure. The exact purport of the matter is thus defined in the report of a Sussex newspaper:—

> What must have been a painful surprise to hundreds was soon forthcoming—an accusation of blasphemy, not against a person, but against an entire military hospital. . . The accusation was made in a request for prayer, which had been sent to the President. It explicitly referred to "a Military Hospital where God's name is never mentioned except in ridicule." . . . The hospital was not named, nor was the name of the writer of the letter given, but the whole suggestion in the request was that a local Military Hospital was intended.

This is doubtless a correct summary, but the Rev. Charles Inwood cannot be permitted to escape responsibility for his public utterances by sheltering himself behind an anonymous letter-writer. In the present instance, the least he can do is either to substantiate the charges of which he has been made the mouthpiece, or, failing this, to withdraw them; while, for the future, we strongly urge him to verify such anonymous accusations before rushing into open prayer. As a matter of fact, wounded soldiers in hospital at Brighton have won the high respect of the community whose honoured guests they are.

COME ON

How Russia Can be Saved—The

By THE E

RUSSIA'S rot may mean Europe's ruin. It must be stopped. To look on, impassive, as the Allies appear to be doing, is to invite defeat. Strong, stern, relentless action may yet change the current, which is leading to catastrophe, into the channels of triumph. What, if anything, is being done to stem the flood? Surely they who are giving of their blood and life to emancipate Civilisation from the peril of the Hun have a right to ask the question, and we, who make bold to say we speak for the People, are in duty bound to demand an answer. A weak and futile diplomacy dragged us into this war; albeit we were in honour bound to make common cause with splendid France. We dare not allow the diplomats to handle the new menace—it must be left to the soldier and the fighting nations. Where stands Japan—that fine martial people who taught the Czar a lesson he never forgot, and whose defeat of the Russian soldier and over-running of Manchuria was the first ominous knocking of the East at the gates of the West? Japan is loyal to the Allies. But for the drivelling doubts of Downing Street and that monstrous bogy of the "Yellow Peril" with which our arch-enemy has played upon the fears of Europe, the stiff, short men of the wonderful island set in the Eastern seas would have been joining forces with us in France and long months ago have stood shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of the Czar. This is no time for colour prejudice or racial jealousy. All that humanity and freedom hold dear is at stake. If Japan joined with the still loyal legions of Russia, the invading hordes of the Hun would be instantly arrested. No more with sickening ease would they break down the Russian barriers and make clear the path to Petrograd. Bloody conflict would take the place of price-free victories; and the whole course of events in Eastern Europe, events for which our implacable foe has schemed and manœuvred with hellish ingenuity, would be turned into the right road.

Ready to Bear Any Part.

Nothing, I repeat, should be allowed to stand in the way of Japan's massive armies. They are ready—they have been prepared ever since the tocsin of war was first sounded to bear any part in the struggle demanded of them. Munitions they have furnished in unstinted measure for the Russian offensive that once promised so fair. Their splendid Navy, which crushed the Russian Fleet in Far Eastern waters and taught the Czar how to respect and fear a little nation having much in common with our own early island history, has done all that has been asked of it. They have the men; they have the fine fighting traditions of a martial race. Their fearless and well disciplined troops—wonderfully trained, wonderfully equipped—could be passed in their hundreds of thousands into Russia, there to stiffen and hearten the stalwart remnant of a once fighting people. Who will give the word? The time is short, the sands of opportunity are fast running out. Therefore the decision must be made now—the invitation given without an hour's delay. Once given, I know what the response would be. The brave descendants of the Samuri would raise again the fiery cross in Russia, and the Kaiser's conquering hordes would be hurled back to death and destruction. In the first flash of bitter anger and disappointment over Russia's betrayal of the common cause we might have felt inclined to leave her to her fate. And what a fate—to be ground under the heel of the ruthless and lying Kaiser, to feel the burning iron of Autocracy once more searing the flesh of a new-found Freedom, and making slaves again of Russian, Pole and Fin. The Hohenzollern is struggling for his Crown and his head. He cannot, dare not, let Russia remain a Republic if by cruel repression and the ruthless methods of Prussianism he can win back those vast territories for the Czar, and reseat a Romanoff on the throne.

Haldane—Fool or Traitor?

But something more than the future of Russia is in the cauldron of war. If there be a single man to-day in this Britain of ours who does not yet understand the purpose of Prussia and the plot of the Kaiser, so long and so stealthily prepared, then God help his intelligence. Even that fool, Haldane—fool or traitor; but I prefer to ascribe to an arrogant self-conceit, rather than to traitorous deliberation, the bloody muddles and deadly outcome of his meddlings with diplomacy—must by now realise the depth and extent of his own criminality. We as a nation have the faults of our virtues. Being honest in our professions, wishing no man harm and no nation hurt, we were bemused and beguiled by self-seeking politicians into believing that all was well. Recall some of those wicked declarations of our "Statesmen." Remember how, with tears in their eyes, they stood sponsor for the Kaiser's honesty—were ready to go bail for his love for England. How they denounced those who doubted bloody Wilhelm; how they ridiculed the voice of warning and spat in the face of patriotism! Yet all the time the creature of Potsdam—the grandson of our own Queen, the man who stood by her grave at Windsor and walked through the streets of London amid our sorrowing multitudes, honoured guest and mourner—has never ceased to plot our downfall, to scheme for our Imperial undoing. Just as his chief spy stayed with him at Buckingham Palace, keeping the eye of diplomatic deceit on all our doings while his Majesty shed tears over the memorial to his Royal grandmother, so the Imperial scoundrel himself went as a guest to the Danish Court, there to develop his unholy plans and play his infamous designs for the undoing of Denmark. This he did, in readiness for the time when her neutrality, like the virgin neutrality of Belgium, should be dishonoured to minister to his lust of conquest. This fiend, whom the pompous Haldane dared to tell us was an apostle of peace—this ravisher of fair lands and deadly foe of humanity, whom British politicians covered with the saliva of praise, and whose hands British journalists took in sycophantic humility—is to-day proved out of his own mouth and by his written word to be the Devil's chosen instrument for the undoing of civilisation—the massacre of men.

N, JAPAN!

he Two Awful Villains of Europe.

E EDITOR.

A Human Chessboard.

While the truth is burning hot—while the awful possibilities of Autocracy beat like the noise of falling bombs into our brains—let us, let the world, read the terrible lessons of these years. Think of it. Two men, affectionate in their wickedness—" Willy " and " Nicky " —were malignantly scheming a shameless conspiracy which, but for the mercy of God and the honesty of France, might have found Europe leagued in iron enmity against the British Empire. Two creatures—dirty dogs—without the brains of the average working man, but with the might and power of gods—were able to look upon this great struggling world of ours—with its trials and its tears, its travail and endeavour, its yearning ideals and its hopes for the future—with a sardonic indifference, a deadly aloofness, infamous and impious. Let all free men take note; let the Democracies of the world mark the meaning, and while this war is still weltering to its bloody close let Humanity register a vow. That vow if maintained will change the face of the earth and bring nearer the Millennium of human hopes. Death to such Kings—an end to all the Despots—all the Autocrats! On the blood of those who have fallen to give monarchs sport, by the tears of the widow, the wailings of ravished maidenhood, the cry of the orphan and the starving, let man swear the solemn oath of fealty to Humanity. Thank God, the working men of Britain have made answer in clarion tones to the sickly sentimentalists and the spies of Germany, who sought to undo our determination at Stockholm and plant the insidious seed of mistrust into the hearts of the Allies. Good men were misled—politicians who lost their heads when they imagined they were finding salvation have been saved from themselves. Stockholm might have sounded the death knell of victory; it would, I am convinced, have played the fatal game of Germany—a game so foul, so vicious, so unscrupulous, that never again can the civilised world hold intercourse with the unredeemed Hun. The democracy of Great Britain has once more proved true. The fine, healthy commonsense and sane patriotism of the toilers—those who have stood faithful to Throne and country through all the trials of these terrible three years—have triumphed. There will be no parley with the foe at Stockholm—no handshaking with renegade Internationals—no truck with the Morel gang. " Those who are not for us are against us." Neutrality is a crime. To-day the guilt of Potsdam cries aloud to Heaven. And that guilt is the guilt which comes of the foolishness of nations—the weakness and ignorance of Peoples. No one would dare to say there would be no war if there were no Kings. But the war began with the murder of a puny princeling; and God knows the risk of strife is awful so long as dogs like " Willie " and " Nicky " can plot in secret and disport themselves upon a Human Chessboard. Read the revelations in the correspondence which passed between Potsdam and Petrograd, in the years before the war, and realise the deadly dangers of autocratic monarchy. Can you imagine the Presidents of the French and American Republics — or even our own Sovereign, the head of the most truly Republican nation in the world — treating the millions over whom they rule as miserable pawns in the dirty game of personal ambition, writing and wiring, plotting and scheming to make more firm their thrones with a cement mixed with the blood and tears of men? Death to Kings of the type of the Kaiser and the Czar—that is the stern moral, the bitter lesson of the agony of Armageddon. Away with them—let them be crucified. The world is in arms to-day—the sword must not be sheathed until the criminals are swinging in the cleansing breezes of revenge and their bodies degraded as food for carrion crows. " No peace with the Hohenzollern! " is the cry. " No place for the despot, wherever he be found," must be our fixed and unalterable resolve.

How to Save Russia.

And, I repeat, to bring about this splendid end, to encompass the downfall of all despotism and liberate the world from the thraldom of arms, we must save Russia from herself. The picture on which we look to-day across the ensanguined fields of Europe is dark and menacing. We see Liberty in a drunken frenzy. The shackles of an age-long Autocracy have fallen with a suddenness that has turned honest men's heads, made cravens of soldiers, and converted the fine old law of self-protection into the raving danger of national suicide. It is an appalling outcome of a struggle towards light and freedom. *And its menace is world-wide.* America—seeing all, knowing all—is making haste to the rescue of Civilisation. And her task is already mapped out—it is to help sweep back the foul waters of Prussian despotism to the Rhine. Japan—brave, virile, fighting Japan; a free people, loving a Constitutional Sovereign, preferring all that is best and most healthy in our Western civilisation—is already in hand-clasp with the Allies. She can do in the East what our cousins from across the Atlantic will help to accomplish in the West. Who can doubt her power or her honour? Give her the call, let the cry echo across the seas—" Come over and help us." And with a mighty " Banzai! " the armies of Japan, which beat down the Russians on the broad plains of Manchuria like ripe corn beneath the sickle, will pour across the intervening lands, make common cause with the old enemy, and before the winter comes to stifle the efforts of man and hold up the conflicting hosts, turn the rout of the Russian into Hell for the Hun. Always provided, as the lawyers say, that the politicians do not thwart them. Never mind about Colour, Creed or anything else. We are at war—at war with the Devil himself. We must, as I have so often said, throw our Copybooks and our Text Books away. In the mighty words of Henry V. before Agincourt, we must " imitate the action of the tiger." The Hun is the prey—we must devour him. Merely to clip his claws would be to give them time to grow again. A peace that left this hound of Europe with even a vestige of strength would mean a standing menace to the whole world—at any moment the rivers of blood might begin flowing again. The Allies must stick at nothing to make victory sure.

WAR BREAD DANGERS.

THE DILATORY BUREAUCRAT AND THE HEARSE AT THE DOOR.

A French lady living in London, "wife of an English wounded soldier," sends us a copy of *L'Indépendance Belge*, in which we find an article by one Dr. Clément Philippe. There is no beating about the bush with this medico. He states emphatically that if you eat war bread in certain conditions you may "prepare the ground" for consumption, rickets, and cancer; whilst a citizen of Hull writes: "About two months ago I sent to the Food Control Department a signed doctor's certificate stating that my wife suffered from chronic dyspepsia. Three weeks after, I received a letter asking me to send another doctor's certificate, and I did so. I heard nothing from the department for another three weeks; then I wrote again, pointing out that my wife could not eat the war bread and I wanted the usual consent for the miller to supply me with sufficient suitable flour for one person. I have now received a letter to say they do not think it necessary to give a certificate. Had it not been for a friend who was able to help me in spite of such muddle-headedness, my wife would have been a victim. In another case near here a consent was given, also after six weeks' delay, and when the postman delivered the letter the hearse was at the door to take the poor victim where the war bread ceases from troubling and its victims are at rest." As the poet saith, A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

COMIC OPERA IN COURT.

MIND THAT LITTLE DROP OF SOMETHING IN YOUR TEA!

Mr. Wright Wood Fearnley, of the New Inn, Thornton Road, Thornton, recently found himself in the Bradford Police Court, summoned for supplying by an agent liquor to Grace Ann Fearnley, his wife, for consumption off the licensed premises during prohibited hours, whilst the lady was coupled with him for supplying herself with the liquor. The report states: "Mr. E. Cawthron, for the defendants, said that about 10.45 p.m. of August 3rd, Mrs. Fearnley supplied herself with a small quantity of whisky to put in some tea. It was not generally known that this was an offence; persons residing on licensed premises were allowed to consume intoxicating liquor during prohibited hours, provided the liquor was supplied during the permitted hours. In the present instance, Mrs. Fearnley supplied herself with the whisky after hours." Apparently, the husband—not being there at the time—is assumed to have rendered aid and succour to the King's enemies by encouraging and inveigling his wife to pour the teaspoonful of whisky into her tea. However this may be, the publican was fined £1 and his wife another £1, which we take to be a serious warning that an Englishman's house is his castle, except when he lives at a pub—in which case his house is worse than teetotal lodgings. This is one of the many forms of national humour which will win the war.

A RASCAL'S FAREWELL.

SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF A VILE IMPOSTURE.

The Rev. William Hughes, of the African Institute, Colwyn Bay, has, we see, "accepted a unanimous call to superintend the native Baptist Churches in the Cameroons." In short, all attempts to bolster up the rotten Institute have failed, and Hughes—who has had an exceptional run for his money—is off to the Cameroons. The fact that this arch-impostor is to be presented, on his departure, with a testimonial from some piously disposed persons in Colwyn Bay seems to indicate that there are still a few people who are ignorant of the man's true character, and in these circumstances it may not be amiss to summarise our relations with the fellow. In December, 1911, we vigorously attacked what was then known as the British and African Incorporated Institution, Colwyn Bay, our charges suggesting rampant immorality on the part of some of the inmates of the Institute, and the "cooking" of accounts by Hughes. We made ourselves responsible for the definite assertion, since proved to the hilt, that one of his black pupils had seduced and betrayed a white girl, becoming the father of a brown baby. As a sequel to our articles, we were made the recipients of two writs for libel at the instance of Hughes and his black protégé; but at the hearing of the principal action at Ruthin in June, 1912, the judge and jury, after listening to our cross-examination of the plaintiff, dismissed Hughes' case with costs. Meanwhile, the nigger—a rascal called Franklin—backed out of his action against us. We sincerely trust that by this time Hughes has made good his departure from the pleasant district which he and his accomplices have cursed so long.

SOFT JOBS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES AT LEICESTER!

A correspondent requests us to join the Leicester Citizens' Social Reform and Vigilance Association at the small charge of 2s., and a lot seems to be offered for the money. Under the able vice-presidency of Canon W. G. Whittingham, M.A., and six others, they last year collected £147 in subscriptions; gave the Secretary, the Rev. Mr. Veitch, an "honorarium and house allowance" representing the bulk of this—£124.; paid a legal adviser £3 3s.; spent £1 3s. on an affiliation case; invested £7 in a telephone; squandered £7 7s. on postage stamps; expended £5 6s. 6d. for printing and directory; distributed 5s. to the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene; awarded as much as 3s. 4d. to "stranded girls"; closed one pub and nearly got the death rattle on another; kept their eye on off-licences, vicious postcards, books and placards; and circulated "well-chosen purity literature" with an enthusiasm worthy of the noble cause. They have also an Assistant Secretary named Smart, but he is evidently not smart enough to get on the balance sheet. This is a detail, however, and possibly he will improve as the subscriptions flow in.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

How doth the German bombing plane
Delight to come by night!
But though it scatters death and pain,
It fails to give us fright.

In cell, a fool, alone he sits
Upon his bedstead resting—
A situation all his wits
Fail to make interesting.

Haldane a lesson has been taught;
But will he have the wit,
To act in future as he ought,
And benefit from it?

GREAT MONEY-SAVING COOKING INVENTION

WILL SAVE £'s IN EVERY HOME.

Public Rush of Applications for Full Information.

A Remarkable New Kitchen Cooking Aid that will save £'s in every "John Bull" Home is now the talk of London.

Scenes of enthusiastic interest are to be witnessed daily at the Public Demonstrations of this new Cooking Invention now being held every day at 42, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

The reason for this stir is that this new "Multicooker":—

1.—Reduces the gas consumed in household cooking to a degree which can be best estimated from the fact that it uses **ONLY ONE BURNER** instead of the **SEVERAL RINGS AND ROWS OF BURNERS** found on the ordinary gas cooking stove.
2.—Saves the heavy loss in size and weight of the now-so-expensive meats, etc., as cooked by present methods.
3.—Cooks far more cheaply than with coal.
4.—Can be used in every home, either with gas or oil.
5.—Bakes, Boils, Fries, and Grills simultaneously, using only **ONE** ordinary burner for the whole operation, at the ridiculously small cost of ½d. an hour.
6.—Quickly pays for itself and then becomes a permanent great money-and-food-and-time-saver, wherever it is used, and also:
7.—Frees the housewife from the recurring charges payable as rental of hired gas stoves.

This wonderful invention marks so important a new era in kitchen and household economy that a Public Authority like the Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* devoted a leading article to it in which occur such trenchant phrases as:—

"Do you know how we could all save a lot of money? . . . The Editor took the trouble to go to a Demonstration of the simplest device that he has ever seen. . . . He saw a 'Multicooker'—a thing that *will really save money*. . . . Where you used to burn FOUR gas jets you now burn ONE. . . . Here, you see, was a *practical* solution of the problem—to live on a quarter of our income—the right solution—came to the man whose brain discovered how one gas jet could do the same that four did formerly."

(A complete copy of the Editor's interesting "National Economy" article in the *Weekly Dispatch* will be sent, with full Illustrated Particulars of the money-saving "Multicooker" inventions, on request.

A PATRIOTIC PRIVILEGE FOR EVERY BRITISH HOME.

To save gas, food and time is now the patriotic privilege of every JOHN BULL home. In this way we help to keep down the cost of food, coal and gas and many other things. For this reason every JOHN BULL reader should investigate this new cooking aid.

Every good housewife especially will be critically interested in seeing the results of "Test" Breakfasts, Luncheons and Dinners cooked on a "Multicooker," under the expert eyes of Mr. A. T. Hickinbotham (25 years Statutory Gas Examiner for the County of London). Full meals for a whole family were cooked on the "Multicooker," at a cost of just over ½d. for Breakfast, 1½d. for Luncheon, and 1½d. for a full-course Dinner, and no less than 1s. 9½d. was saved in one day in preparing 3 ordinary meals. The same thing can be done in every home.

The figures as to gas consumed and articles cooked are given in detail in the "Multicooker Book" sent gratis and post free on application to all interested.

EXPERT'S REMARKABLE REPORT.

At the end of this severely critical test, before a well-known Expert, Mr. Hickinbotham wrote a Report in which he declared:—

"I must express my surprise at the results, and I think that in the 'Super-Multicooker' you have an apparatus which marks *the biggest advance in cooking appliances I have ever had the privilege of examining throughout my thirty years of scientific experience in the gas world.*"

Here then is a way in which every JOHN BULL reader can save Money, Food, Gas or Oil, Time and Labour.

The cost of any one of the different style and price "Multicooker" models is quickly saved in gas or oil, coal and food saved. And the purchaser of a "Multicooker" pays no quarterly rental. Once installed the first cost is the last cost. And daily at every meal the "Multicooker." regularly SAVES MONEY.

YOU SHOULD WRITE AT ONCE.

Printed Particulars are obtainable gratis and post free by sending a postcard or letter to Multicooker Inventions, Ltd. (Room 57), 42, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1. All who can possibly do so are cordially invited to visit the Showrooms and witness the fascinating Free Cookery Demonstrations which take place every day between 10 and 6.

P.S.—Owing to the rapidly growing demand early orders are recommended, as the labour shortage has greatly reduced the output of "Multicookers." [ADVT.

Mazda
BRITISH MADE IN RUGBY ENGLAND
DRAWN WIRE
ELECTRIC LAMPS
will save you a lot of money, while giving you a lot of light
MAZDA
All Dealers sell them

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Estab. 28 years. **CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR St., BIRMINGHAM.**
Mention "John Bull" when writing.

THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

There are many things which will interest you in the "What d'ye Lack" feature on page ii. of cover.

Last Year's Overcoat like new again.

The problem of new clothes need not worry you this winter if you send your overcoat or suit to us to be renovated by our special tailor-cleaning process.
Whatever their condition, we are able to make them like new. We clean, do all minor repairs, reshape and press in best West-End style for **5s.** per overcoat or suit.

On receipt of postcard we will collect and deliver anywhere within 10 miles Charing Cross. Beyond, use parcel post. We post back FREE.

BRITISH Tailoring & Repairing Co.
34 to 40, GREAT COLLEGE ST., LONDON, N.W.1.
Telephone: North 2882 2883.

POND'S on a little lint and Aches and Pains vanish.

The most soothing and healing preparation for **cuts, burns, sprains, scalds, bruises, varicose veins, piles,** etc., with a reputation based on merit alone of over 70 years

Pond's Extract should be in every home. **Refuse Substitutes.** Sold in sealed bottles at 1/3 2/6 and 5/- by all Chemists and Stores. Book of directions with every bottle.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM is sometimes difficult to obtain, owing to general war conditions. Users are therefore reminded that Pond's Extract refreshes and invigorates the skin and protects it from the trying effects of sun, wind, and sea air.

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ACHES & PAINS

Pond's Extract The Old Family Doctor

WEST END CINEMA THEATRE,

COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.C.

Mr. G. F. SEXTON, *Sole Proprietor.*

WEEKDAYS 2 till 11. SUNDAYS 6 till 11.

TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS:

Don't hesitate to come in here and spend a pleasant hour. It costs nothing!

I am doing you no favour—on the contrary you are honouring me with your company.

Walk, hop, crawl or be carried in as though the theatre belongs to you—it does, as long as I am its Proprietor!

I have already entertained more than 11,000 Wounded Boys, and have arranged matinees which have benefited charities to the extent of over £6,000, for which I thank my Patrons and my Maker for allowing me to help towards the cheering up of our Boys in Blue.

G. F. SEXTON.

E. H. LUNDY, *Manager.*

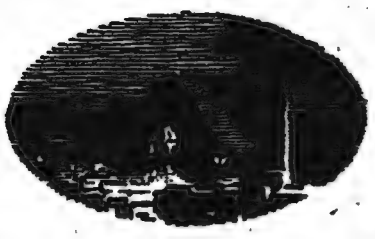
ON TUESDAY, OCT. 2nd, A SPECIAL MATINEE WILL BE GIVEN IN AID OF CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, WHICH IS IN URGENT NEED OF FUNDS. Mr. Lundy is arranging a programme, of which full particulars will be duly announced. Seats can now be booked. 'Phone: Regent 2588.

ORYTON'S.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Sally & her Ally

MUSICAL SERIES No. W.E.B.



PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

MEN thoroughly appreciate the soft, sound fabric and the new exclusive border designs of Pyramid Handkerchiefs. Prices are raised for the first time since war began. Greater demand than ever for Khaki "Pyramids."

9d. each; 9/- box of dozen

Plain white, border designs; also guaranteed border colors: all hemstitched. Also a good plain hemstitched. And Khaki for the Boys.

Pyramid label on every Pyramid Handkerchief.

TOOTALS, 132, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2. Manufacturers of all the Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics.

P 17

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 12.

"ARE-YOU-THERE?" GIRLS IN AIR RAIDS.

WHY ARE THEY NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE COVER?

Is it the wish of the general public that the lives of a large number of girls employed in London telephone exchanges should be wantonly risked during Germhun air-raids? This is the question put by "A Sister of One of the Sufferers" in the last daylight attack on the City. Everyone else is invited to take cover; telephone operators are not allowed to do so. Avenue Exchange is situated in Creechurch Lane, directly in the danger zone, and suffered very severely in the previous raid. Notwithstanding the extreme danger, a number of these girls—many of them only 16 years of age—were forced to stay on the top floor of this Exchange under a glass roof while the raid was actually in progress, not being permitted by the responsible persons in charge to seek cover on the lower floors. Some who attempted to do so were stopped by the extended arm of a Special Constable across the doorway. It was not until an aerial torpedo passing over entered a building near that the half-frenzied girls were allowed to leave, and by this time the raid was practically over. One shudders to think of the awful loss of life which must have inevitably occurred had a bomb struck the roof of the building. These girls had done their duty, (and perhaps more than their duty, if self-preservation is the first law of nature) by sticking to their posts until all the essential work connected with air raids was done—having, in fact, helped hundreds of others to seek safety. Surely it is only humane to allow them to retire from their exposed position during the actual raid, instead of being tortured almost beyond endurance by being forced to remain and witness the continuous flash of the guns past their windows and to hear the not less continuous explosion of the bombs all around them? In this raid there does not appear to have been any reason or excuse for detaining them in the public interests, for our information is that during the actual period of the raid only two calls were made on the Exchange. What happened at Avenue Exchange happened at all the other exchanges apparently. It seems that the rule that telephone operators must remain at their posts, no matter who else seeks safety, applies also to Government premises. In "a large Government building in Whitehall," a "Hello!" girl tells us, "three hundred operators had to stay at their boards on the seventh floor while the raid was on. The women clerks and typists were all sent down for safety. This must produce a terrible strain on the nerves of these girl operators, and yet they are expected to handle without pause or error the great rush of work which follows when a thoughtless public rush to the telephones in thousands to ascertain whether their own kith and kin are safe." That it is a very great physical cruelty to keep telephone girls in this state of suspense and terror will be agreed by everybody who thinks and feels about the matter at all. Let the girls make representations to their chief officers, if they have not already done so, in that forcible form which Government authorities best understand and to which they are most amenable. The general public, who look after themselves, must wait for news over the telephone until the air raid is over and the telephone girl has recovered her sense of calm security. That is only fair and reasonable.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the setter of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BATH HERALD" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, NOT HIGHER THAN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, SMALL GENTLEMAN'S Residence."

"STAR":—

"Mr. —— and Mr. —— were fined £50 each at Newcastle for CONSUMING LIQUOR ON LICENSED PREMISES DURING PROHIBITED HOURS. Mr. ——, defending, DENIED THAT THE PRICES OF POTATOES TO THE PUBLIC HAD BEEN INCREASED ONE PENNY BY THE DEFENDANT'S ACTION."

"DERBY STANDARD" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, SMART GENERAL FOR ENGLAND. Fare paid."

"FOOD":—

"The small bulbs should be dibbed into a HOLLOW HOLE."

"BOSTON GUARDIAN":—

"Mr. ——'s two-year-old son FELL OUT OF HIS MAIL-NEWS ON A FIELD POST-CARD, it is hoped his wound is only a slight one."

"FOOTBALL POST":—

"Only FOUR MONTHS have elapsed since last we took stock of the situation, but during those 12 WEEKS a great deal of splendid work has been put in."

"WIGAN EXAMINER":—

"It is Huddersfield's neglect in this direction that left them with but one handful of players towards the LATTER END OF NEXT SEASON, and finds them hopelessly out of the hunt now."

"THE SCOUT":—

"One . . . was a brawny man, dressed only in SKIRT AND BAGGY SAILOR'S TROUSERS."

Bargains for Men

If you cannot buy in person
SEND YOUR ORDER BY POST,
with P.O. and necessary measurements, and we will give your wishes special attention. Every item below is a genuine bargain—*money refunded if you are not completely satisfied.*

SHIRTS. State size of collar and length of sleeve.

Zephyr Shirts, good quality, tasteful designs. Each **4/11**

White Dress Shirts, for dress or business wear. Each .. **4/3, 6/11, 8/11**

Taffeta Shirts. Most comfortable wear. Smart, and unshrinkable. Each **7/6**

Flannel Shirts, in various weights, plain or twill cloths. Each **9/11**

Ceylon Flannel Shirts, Durable and Unshrinkable. Single or double cuffs. Each .. **6/11**

PYJAMAS. State height

Heavy Wool Pyjamas, good patterns. Per suit .. **18/6**

Ceylon Flannel Pyjamas Medium weight. Per suit .. **6/11**

Medium Weight Pyjamas, in Taffeta or Ceylon Flannel. Per suit .. **12/6**

GLOVES, ETC. State Size.

Real Reindeer Gloves, Tan or Grey. Per pair .. **8/11**

Slate Deerskin Gloves, Per pair **4/6**

Real Spitalfields wide end Ties. Cut from Squares. Each **2/6**

Pure Silk Knitted Ties, were 5/6 each; to clear, Each **2/6**

50 doz. 2/6 wide end Ties, at **1/11** each.

SOCKS, ETC. State size.

Medium or **Heavy Khaki Shirts,** from **5/11** each.

Khaki Wool Jackets, with Sleeves. Each **9/11**

Heavy Worsted Socks, 1/6, 2/11, 3/6 per pair.

Pure Wool Underwear, heavy weight Vests, **11/6.** Pants, **12/6.**

Wool Sweaters, from **6/11** each.

CATALOGUES FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.,
101 - 102, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2

A LIQUID FOOD With SOLID VALUE.

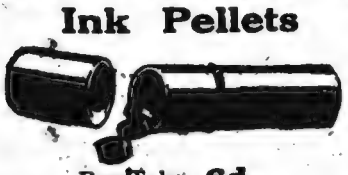
ECZEMA CURE FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free, of the wonderful new skin discovery, D.D.D. Prescription, a liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives **INSTANT RELIEF** in all cases of **ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.** It cures quickly, permanently. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. But send *to-day* for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Send no money. Send no stamps. A post-card will do.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES,
M.N.22, Wine Office Court, London, E.C.4

YOU NEED THESE IF YOU USE A FOUNTAIN PEN.

Ink Pellets



Per Tube, **6d.**

Silver-Plated Pen Clip

3d. each. Post **1d.**

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(September 15, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

"Toll for the Brave."

Our sincere sympathy is with those who lost their relatives the other night in that horrible disaster at Chatham. We are tempted to ask if some person or persons should not be hung in chains there. To erect a large building in a place that is certain to be marked out for bombing by the enemy, and to cover it with a heavy glass roof that is sure to shatter and slay through the mere concussion of a bomb falling even a considerable distance away is, to our mind, an act of the greatest lunacy. The vast glass roof must have shone like burnished silver in the beams of the full moon. Will the Admiralty call a halt, and get men of common-sense to put their heads together and find suitable buildings?

Piling on War Cost.

We promised to keep an eye on a draft of invalids who were suddenly turned into B1 men so that they might be sent to the Front. One of them on arrival in France was placed in hospital, where he still is, and the kindly doctor tells him that when he is discharged it will be necessary for him to spend six weeks at the seaside. Will the man who passed him pay his expenses?

The New "Number One."

The War Office has issued a leaflet to units at the Front, containing directions as to how No. 1 Field Punishment must in future be administered. On the back is a picture of a Tommy made fast to a paling, showing how the knots and splices are to be applied. We are glad to note that the system is less objectionable on the score of cruelty; but the fact remains that when our Tommies are tied up in public French women actually weep, whilst their menkind expostulate and say nasty things about the vaunted British humanity.

The Sheep of Sheppey.

The men at Leysdown Camp, Isle of Sheppey, complain that their food is dished up very badly. Stew every day, without the addition of salt or pepper, cloys after a time. The tents are overcrowded by human beings, and more than overcrowded by earwigs. When a dozen men have washed in the same basin of water, the ablutions of the last few are not satisfactory.

Hurry Up, You Cripples!

The N.C.O. School at Alexandra Park Barracks, Borden, is full of C2 and C3 men—old crocks most of them. The O.C. appears to think they should be "old men in a hurry," as when they are on the march they are compelled to do 140 paces a minute, which would tax the endurance of young athletes. Poor cripples!

Praise and Blame.

A word of praise is due to the Shorncliffe Military Hospital, which is splendidly run by Canadian. A patient there was recently transferred to No. 1 Hospital at Deal. At Shorncliffe he was, on the doctor's recommendation, given Boyril as the diet most suitable to his case, but in the Deal institution he was refused it on the score that it was too expensive!

Not the Man.

We wondered last week if a warrant officer of the Royal Flying Corps at Westbury was a man of the same rank whom we had had shifted from another unit. We are glad to have received his assurance that he is not.

Give Money in Lieu.

As the rations of our sailors and soldiers have been considerably cut down, in common fairness they should be handed the value of the food saved. The full allowance is, after all, supposed to be part of their pay.

Robbing the Leave Men.

We have complaints from leave men arriving at the South Coast that, between the time of debarkation and entraining, Military Officials offer to send telegrams for them—of course, collecting the usual fee. Most of the wires, however, are never despatched. The Provost Marshal should take this matter up.

A Pretty Mess.

Apropos of our recent reference to the Navy and Army Canteen Board, we now hear that, notwithstanding the little dodges to make profits at the expense of the sailor and soldier, the Board is a mountain of money short, and the "experts" responsible are scuttling away like rats. When the Board is put on its feet again, we want to see provisions and refreshments sold at a fair rate and in full measure. There must be no more filching of Service men's money, ostensibly to help charities.

The Price of Admiralty.

A coastguard was recently transferred to Cork, from County Kerry, his wife and family being at a station near Kilorglin. The man has to keep two homes going, and on transfer was not allowed any travelling expenses, although the distance is about 50 miles. The Admiralty refuses to give him any lodging money, but neighbours—kinder than Whitehall—have lent him a blanket and provided him with some bedding. If Sir Eric Geddes wishes for full particulars, he may have them.

Dished at Devonport.

One of our representatives was at Devonport the other day, and was surprised to find that the publicans all round are forbidden to serve soldiers or sailors in uniform in any part of the house in which there is a woman, irrespective of who she may be. The licence-holder has no choice, as the General and Naval Commander had a conference and decided to place out of bounds any house the landlord of which offends in this respect. So Tommy or Jack must not take his wife or sweetheart into the saloon for refreshment. How lovely!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1915 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

The Last Resort.

We had a letter from a soldier, informing us that his old parents—the father blind—were reduced to playing a concertina in the streets to keep their poor little home together. Both had become ill, and after we had investigated the case we did our best for them. It is not good that the parents of our brave lads should be left to starve.

We Made Tommy Happy.

The father of an only son serving in the trenches has been crippled with rheumatism and cannot work. His helpmate is also ill, and when their case was placed before us we took prompt action, as we are sure our readers would desire.

We—Not the Government.

A soldier's little daughter was badly scalded, and is in the hands of the doctor. Application for help was made to the Statutory Pensions Committee, but it was promptly refused—probably because it was not a case of "serious illness." Thank Heaven, we have not the Statutory Committee heart, and the subscribers to our Fund did what should have been done by this Government department—which is supposed to exist for the alleviation of distress among the families of our soldiers and sailors

Strictly "Unofficial."

We were visited by the "unofficial" wife of a soldier who has been killed in France. She is left with two little children, and with the notification of death the War Office allowance is cut off. The unfortunate woman was in distress, which we readily relieved. A certificate matters not to us—the soldier loved her, and that is enough.

Sadness in Jack's Home.

An only son is in the Navy, and no separation allowance on his behalf has yet been granted to his mother. Unfortunately, the father of the sailor boy died a few days ago—so we buried him.

His Only Support Gone.

The two sons and support of an old father were sent to the front, where both were killed. The poor old man was in sore distress when he applied to us, and we gladly relieved him.

Deserted and Ill.

A poor woman, suffering and in failing health, called upon us. Her child is seriously ill, and her husband—an ex-soldier—we are sorry to say, has deserted her, leaving her to fend for herself. We took her case in hand at once.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

M. P., 6d.; "Lieut." (Norfolk Regt.), 1s.; "32086," 6d.; J. R. (Bayswater), 1s. 6d.; E. H. W., 1s.; "Scotch Widow," 2s. 6d.; "London Town," 4s.; Mrs. H. S., 2s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 2s.; "Time-Ex. Caeron," 1s.; S. C. (Newquay), 10s.; Anon. (Brighton), 10s.; T. B. C. (Sunderland), 1s.; M. A. Y., 6d.; Men of H.M.P.Y. *Shemara*, £1 5s. 6d.; I. P. (Edinburgh), £2; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Pte. J. C., 2s. 6d.; "Baby Margaret," 5s.; M. F., 5s.; "M. A. G. Thankful," 2s. 6d.; T. W. (Penryn), 1s.; P. H. P. (S. Africa), 11s.; C. S. (Hillington), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; H. E. W. (New Brighton), 2s. 6d.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s. 6d.; H. P. (Hursley), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. M. K. (Shoeburyness), 1s.; J. A. F., 10s.; "114611's Dove," 2s.; "Arditi," 5s.; J. E. L., £1 1s.; A. W. L. M., 1s. 6d.; "Cornwall," 3s.; "Kanagawa," 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; G. N. M. (Hornsey), 1s.; T. B. (Edinburgh), 2s.; Mrs. D. H. (Clapham), 5s.; R. W. (Fordingbridge), 2s.; F. H. (Leicester), 2s.; Mrs. C. (Earlsfield), 1s.; J. H. S., 1s.; W. J. G., 2s. 9d.; J. S. (Downin), 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Mother," 1s.; T. W. (Liverpool), 1s.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," (Greenwich), 1s.; "Stewards' Club, H. M. Hospital Ship *Braemar Castle*" (per D. S. W. and J. A. M. W.), £5 11s. 6d.; "283,218," 1s. 6d.; G. T. (Dorking), 6d.; "32086," 6d.; M. J. A., 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; Result of Collection in C. House, Army Pay Office, York (per A. G.), 5s.; "A Grateful Soldier's Wife," 1s.; "Anxious Sister," 1s.; C. G. (Kingston), 1s.; J. D., 1s.; "Every Little Helps, 6d.; "A Yeoman's Wife," 3d.; B. W. (Wood Green), 1s.; "Regular Reader" (Bletchley), 3s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, 16s.; "E. E. E.," £1; Anon., 1s.; R. and M. R., 6d.; "An Admirer of JOHN BULL," 2s. 6d.; J. B. P. (Leytonstone), 5s.; G. M. M. (Wells), 6d.; G. B., 1s.; "Hawthorn," 1s.; E. P. H., 5s.; L. E. (Walford), 1s.; Mr. S. (Leigh-on-Sea), 1s.; F. R. (Warminster), 1s.

Collecting Boxes.

Gunner T. Armitage, 92 Mess, H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, Grand Fleet, c.o. G.P.O., £4 13s.

SUTTON.—Mr. B. Boundry, "The Victory," William Road, £1 5s.

Grow Beautiful Hair FREE!

A SUGGESTION ALL MAY ADOPT.

1,000,000 Four-Fold Hair-Health and Beauty Outfits FREE.

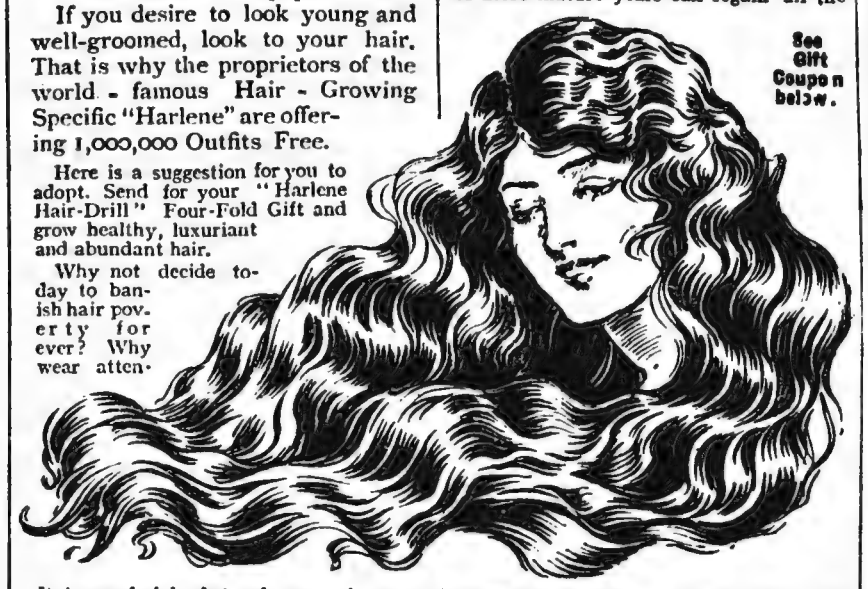
HERE is a great opportunity and a valuable gift for every reader of this paper.

If you desire to look young and well-groomed, look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world - famous Hair - Growing Specific "Harlene" are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Here is a suggestion for you to adopt. Send for your "Harlene Hair-Drill" Four-Fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant and abundant hair.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

Hairs, Over Greasiness, Scurf or Dandruff. Young women can maintain their hair in abundant beauty, and men and women of more mature years can regain all the lost lustre and health, whether it arises from illness, worry, overwork, or the passing of years.



See Gift Coupon below.

It is wonderful what only two minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 Free 4-in-1 Gift Outfits offered to readers to-day. Simply send Coupon below with your name and address and 4d. stamps for return postage of package.

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL GIFT.

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. It is sufficient that you are troubled with any form of hair "ailment," or that you desire to improve the appearance of your hair.

The Gift Parcel comprises:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

Millions of men and women now practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily. They have tested and proved that this unique preparation, "Harlene," and its agreeable method of application, "Hair-Drill," is the surest way to overcome all hair defects, and that it is also the easiest way to ensure the perfect growth of long, silky, beautiful hair in abundance, glossy and bright."

There is therefore no need to continue to suffer from Scalp Irritation, Partial Baldness, Thin or Falling Hair, Splitting

THE "HARLENE" WAY.

First of all cleanse the hair and scalp with a delightful "Cremex" Shampoo—there is no more pleasant, invigorating toilet exercise. Then sprinkle the hair with "Harlene," and gently massage the roots of the hair with your finger-tips. Then add a few drops of "Uzon" Brilliantine to give the hair a final touch of brilliance.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift, Offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and they will find this two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1/1½, 2/9, or 4/9 per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2 9 per tin, with full directions.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1/1½ per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

JOHN BULL, 15/9/17.

GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to **Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above.

Is Your Boy Nearing Military Age?

How the N.B. Wireless Schools' POSTAL TRAINING Can Help Your Boy

DO you know that he can give an *indispensable* service to his country in the Wireless Profession, which a'so offers him a career worth following?

Our perfected method of Postal Training makes it easy for lads of ordinary education to qualify in about six months—the large number already trained by us is proof. A great advantage of our Postal System over others is that the home student is enabled to practise Receiving as well as Sending Signals in Morse, by means of an instrument called the Compactophone. These Compactophones can be purchased outright or by payment of a small weekly rental. Get your boy started training at once.

As a student he has a measure of protection; as a Wireless Operator aboard ship, he is exempt from Military Service. Read the official War Office statement:—

"Owing to the present urgent demand for Wireless Operators in the Mercantile Marine, students entering the school prior to their 18th birthdays and making such progress that they are able to obtain the necessary Certificates on or before reaching the age of 18½, will be temporarily exempted from Military Service, until a sufficient number of Operators has been obtained. *This exemption continues so long as students of Military age who have passed into the Mercantile Marine are employed as Operators at sea.*"

William J. Kerr.

Managing Director.

5,000 WIRELESS OPERATORS WANTED AT ONCE

FREE BOOK

All information regarding our Wireless Postal Course, the work and prospects of the Wireless Operator, and how our Schools help its students, is given in the Book illustrated here. Send for it to-day—it is **free.**

N.B. WIRELESS SCHOOLS Ltd.

GLASGOW - - - 206, Bath Street
EDINBURGH - - 48, George Square
DUNDEE - - - Melville House
11, Nethergate

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 13.

COMPANY NOTICES.

HARROD'S STORES.

The extraordinary general meeting of Harrod's Stores, Ltd., was held on the 5th inst., on the company's premises, Brompton Road, S.W., to consider a resolution for the extinction of the Founders' shares on terms and conditions already made public. Sir A. J. Newton, Bart., chairman of the company, presided. The resolution they were asked to propose was this:—"That the Bill about to be introduced into Parliament intituled 'a Bill for enabling Harrod's Stores, Ltd., to rearrange its capital, and to provide for the extinction of its Founders' shares, and for issuing fully-paid Ordinary shares in lieu thereof, and for altering the memorandum and articles of association of the company, and to increase its capital, and for enabling Harrod's Stores Founders' Shares Company, Ltd., to pay to its directors compensation for loss of office as directors of that company,' and for other purposes,' a copy of which has been submitted to the meeting, be, and the same is hereby approved, subject to all such addition, alterations, and variations as Parliament may think fit to make or sanction therein."

Mr. Edgar Cohen seconded the resolution, which was carried by the necessary majority.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.

The 16th annual ordinary general meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on the 5th inst, at Salisbury House, E.C., Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart. (the chairman) presiding, who said that in this the third year of the great world-war, after providing for and writing off losses of every kind we are closing the year with a net profit of £11,500 8s. 9d., which is, I venture to suggest, eminently gratifying. In connection with America, I am glad to make the announcement that last year's veto by the War Office on the dispatch of Christmas cards to America by the public has been removed.

The report, which was seconded by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in one of his characteristic speeches, was adopted.

NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS.

A British Invention.

A perfect Pocket Wind Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, 7d. each, or 6s. per doz. Full instructions.

ROBERT FIELD, Folly Hall, Huddersfield.

Foster Clark's
The Creamiest, most economical Custard, delicious flavour and absolutely pure.
The Cream of All Custards.
Cream Custard

CORK LINO
Comfort—Elegance—Durability.
Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price, and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free Patterns and Prices.
CATESBYS LTD.,
Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

FREEMANS
There's nothing else quite so good.
DEVONSHIRE
CUSTARD

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"A WATCHER" and OTHERS.—Yes, we *did* say "Watch Russia!"—and we say it again to-day more emphatically than ever.

J. A. W. (London).—Glad to hear you have barred Germans from your Masonic Lodge. Hearty good wishes.

"CRESSY."—History and heraldry notwithstanding, we have no use for German mottoes.

"AUSTRALIAN" (Anglesey).—Certainly we would allow no enemy alien to visit a British coast resort, unless he wanted to drown himself—when we should be happy to assist his plans.

"A MOTHER OF SOLDIERS" (Kingston).—"Thank God for JOHN BULL." Amen!

R. G. D. (Stanford).—"It seems that if a man is married it is a good recommendation for the Army." For some reason or other, the Benedicks have certainly displayed exceptional coolness under fire.

W. H. B. L. (Burford).—Guelph or Wettin, it doesn't matter a toss. Long live the Windsors!

Mrs. A. H. S. (Nottingham).—It is not at heart-felt letters like yours that we are tempted to laugh. We must think over your idea.

M. M. (Glasgow).—Many adverts. in so-called "religious" papers are plain swindles, inserted for the sake of unholy profit. We prefer to refuse all adverts. that are not fair and square.

"NUFF SAID" (Glasgow).—"Send Ramsay back to the Clyde." What do you want him for? Oh, we see—"and we will dip his head under the water, which is not too clean."

"JOHN BULL READER" (Bilston).—"I believe you stated some months back that if the war was not over by a certain date, you would give every soldier 1s. Your stated time is now past." Your belief, your dates, and your statements are all as wrong as your own sweet self.

Mrs. D. D. (Chingford).—A Flag Day for our fund for sailors and soldiers? We want every day to be a flag day for that, for the sufferers' sakes.

J. B. (Derby).—The politicians will need watching if the Huns are to be kept in their place after the war.

"ARDENT ADMIRER."—What fibbers there are about in the world! If you were a careful reader, you would know that when the Zepps. interrupted our meeting at Hull, both "P. B." and ourselves did our best to keep the audience cool, and subsequently we made a tour of the town, mixing with and cheering up the women and children.

J. L. (London).—If we commenced criticising the new list of "honours," we should have no room for anything else in the paper.

S. H. (Abertillery)—Your letter reminds us of a volcano in eruption. Perhaps a Sci-Fi'z powder would put you right.

A. H. B. (Acton, W.).—As you say, "one hears many stories that must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt"; and when next you meet those boys from Belgium we advise you to put salt on their tales.

L. C. (Landport).—We note that according to Labour Exchange rules a female under 16 is a girl, and over 18 a woman. The answer to your conundrum is, of course, that between these ages she is a flapper.

C. J. P. (Birmingham).—"Trusting you will give me an opportunity of hearing my views." Certainly; go and shout them at yourself in the back yard.

H. P. (Manchester).—As you say, it is hard lines to be deprived of "a bit of nourishing drink." If things get much worse, we shall have to fall back on food.

"A MEAN SCOT" (Edinburgh).—Your agreeable letter to hand. After such a painstaking attempt at humour, you should take a week's sick leave.

SAPPER R. H. S. (B.E.F., France).—"If you don't answer the following, I shall take it for granted you don't know." You sting us to the quick.

"TRADE UNIONIST," and OTHERS.—"Men who complain of 'Pay Troubles' because they do not receive the increased wages that Unionists get, should join the Union." Certainly a good remedy, when possible.

H. H. (Brighton).—Yes, the heat wave announced as coming to us from America was caught on the way by German submarines and torpedoed. A bit hot, that!

GR. R. (Catterick).—The preacher who said "the Germans are the Good Samaritans of the day" was only slightly mixed. He meant the Germans are the people that the man fell among, before the Samaritan helped him.

"THREE WOUNDED TOMMIES" (Tunbridge Wells).—More missing letters and money orders too—"every week"! We have pegged away at this wickedest form of robbery, and will keep at it.

"CONSTANT READER" (Chichester).—"A lady engaged my rooms and I refused other lets, and after ten days she sent a card to say she was not coming." A "lady as is a lady" would offer you some compensation. But why didn't you get a deposit?

C. B. (Dorking).—"All the best, and a big daughterly hug, also a kiss on the brow." We feel better after that.

S. McK. (H.M.S. ——).—"Did Leicester manufacture fifty per cent. of the hosiery made in England before the war or since?" We must pull up our socks and examine the matter.

W. R. M. (Croydon).—"Excuse hurry, but I am busy just now. But could write about this for a month." Thank Heavens you *were* busy just then!

W. T. K. (Dartford).—"A first offender as regards writing you, I do so without a blush." A slight suffusion of pink is now due upon your cheek.

"VERB. SAP." ("Camp").—"There was an old curate at Shorcham; The barmaids, oh, didn't he bore 'em! Till JOHN BULL, with a bell, Gave him visions of—well; Now he drinks with much greater decorum." Glad to hear it.

J. S. (Sheffield).—As Sir F. E. Smith once said, there are more ways of addling an egg than getting an Under-Secretary to sit on it.

K. Y. (B.E.F., France).—Thanks for the intimation that JOHN BULL "is more welcome than bully and biscuit." That it is a meaty morsel we modestly agree.

MRS. B. (Tamworth).—If you have any suspicion of sugar "wangling," you have a right to complain to the police—or to the Food Controller.

F. C. (Bethnal Green).—"Publicans are hot stuff." It is unsafe to generalise, of course, but several we have known have been of distinctly sultry habit.

J. J. (Clacton-on-Sea).—To judge from your letter, the only thing your brother hasn't lost by joining the Army is his varicose veins. However, better luck soon perhaps. Keep smiling.

C. H. C. (Orrell).—"Just prior to Baby Week, the Guardians appointed a man and wife to a post at the workhouse on condition that a twelve months' old baby was placed elsewhere." Such conditions of appointment are a crying shame.

H. E. B. (Southern Nigeria).—"May I be allowed to strongly support your paper? I always send it out again to men in the bush." Men who keep the outposts of Empire are supporters to be proud of.

F. W. (Bradford).—"Directly we got 3s. increase the caterers in the munition works put their prices up." It's their habit, but they haven't cultivated the contrary one of lowering prices when cash is short.

H. T. (Barnstaple).—Many other competitors have succeeded in winning a "Bullets" prize at the first attempt.

"BLENHEIM."—We have previously noted that Mr. W. T. Sonnenschein is Controller, Priority Department, Ministry of Munitions of War. No doubt Winston has satisfied himself, however, that it is all right.

"SUSSEX-BY-THE SEA" ("The Field").—Picture postcard "published by H. G. Hirons, Lewes," and "Printed in Saxony," comes out to you in France! If you said anything you are sorry for, we are glad of it.

MRS. S. S. (Birmingham).—"Oh, Kaiser, what a tale of woe The past three years will bear, What an amount of agony, Of anguish and despair; In history what a bloody page Will this be for a future age." Cheer up!

"READER" (M.E. Force, F.P.O., India).—"May the sun never set on JOHN BULL." May the sun always rise on you.

"SAM" (Sunderland).—The man who says he always speaks the truth is an unmitigated whopper.

"MESOPOTAMIA" (Field Force).—"Now then, ye politicians—A funny crowd, by gum—Let's see what you are made of, Increase our tot of rum." Thus your four verses, boiled into one.

"NEMO" (Aberdeen).—"This is not the first occasion I have pointed this out to you." Make it the last; fash ye' sel' nae mair.

G. P. C. (Barry).—Your feverish dreams, probably arising from a sluggish liver and an active imagination, have no interest for us.

G. E. B. (Canonbury, N.).—We are afraid all you can do with the ill-fitting teeth supplied to you by the Williams' Teeth Company, Ltd., for which you were prevailed upon to pay £5 5s., is to gnash them.

C. D. (Chelsea).—That "Panel" drugs are cheap and nasty is not the fault of the chemist, as we have frequently explained. As you suggest, the National Health Insurance scheme must be drastically remodelled when the war is over.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

EXCEPTIONAL NERVOUS STRAIN

WHERE the nervous system is subjected at intervals to any great strain, the health can be protected by special nutritive measures. For this purpose organic phosphorus, on which the nerves and brain depend for sustenance, can be agreeably administered in 'BYNOGEN,' the glycerophosphate nerve-food.

Combining as it does the organic phosphorus with concentrated milk protein and a specially prepared extract—in a soluble form—obtained from selected whole wheat and malt, 'Bynogen' nourishes both nerves and tissues; the marked increase of energy resulting from its use justifies the assertion that

'Bynogen' Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- and 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.
B 17

The Aviator

Sucks out the Poisons

Which Cause Eczema, Leg Disease, Boils, Eruptions, Ulcers and Bunions.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT.

SOMETHING stronger than the hottest poultice is required to free the blood of the poisonous impurities which cause these maladies. This something is to be found in **Grasshopper Ointment.** Applied to a diseased part **Grasshopper** draws out the virus which has made it diseased, restores the blood, tissues and skin to a healthy state and thus heals and cures the affected part.

We are convinced that this drawing out of the poison is the only efficacious way of curing boils, ulcers, eczema, bunions, carbuncles, ring-worm, bad-leg, &c., and we positively assert that **Grasshopper Ointment** is the only preparation which possesses, in a sufficiently high degree, the drawing, disease-absorptive power to accomplish this.

Grasshopper Ointment has been sold and used for more than 50 years, and its value in treating blood and skin maladies has never been denied. It would be impossible to deny it, as the huge number of letters received from those who have tried it prove, beyond any possible doubt, that **Grasshopper Ointment** is an absolutely safe and perfect cure for even the most serious cases of eczema, ulcers, boils, carbuncles, bad legs, piles and bunions. You are urged to refuse all substitutes and imitations. **Grasshopper Ointment** was the first ointment of its kind to be manufactured, and during the half-century of its existence it has had hundreds of imitators. **Grasshopper** contains no injurious substance, and is absolutely harmless. **Grasshopper** may be had of Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army & Navy Stores, Lewis & Burrows, Heppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Bishop's, Selfridge's, and other Stores and Chemists, at **1/3** a Box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

SEND A PENNY STAMP FOR A SAMPLE.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—CHILLY RECEPTION. Bullet:—PACIFISTS GENERALLY RECEIVE. Example:—THE WRONG CARD Bullet:—SHARPER PLAYS FIFTH ACE. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated October 6th. This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated September 15th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 254.

THE BRITISH PRESS	BURYING THE HATCHET	THE WRONG CARD	OUR FOREMAN
TOMMY'S REWARD	RUNNING RIOT	MILITARY POLICE	FATHER'S DRINK
IN THE MOONLIGHT	RATIONING THE NEUTRALS	CHILLY RECEPTION	READY FOR ACTION
BLINKING FACTS	DRAWING BLANK	BARBER'S BOY	WOMAN'S AGE
LANDING THE PACIFISTS	LIKE HIS CHEEK	FOND OF THE BOTTLE	SILLY SUBJECT
STORM BREWING	DRINKING WATER	DESIGNING MISS	GETTING OFF
THE UNWRITTEN LAW	YOUNG AND TENDER	GOVERNMENT MEASURES	MOVING PICTURES
RUNNING AWAY	GOOD HIDING	WHEN WIFE'S AGREEABLE	WHEN KAISER SPEAKS

No._____ **Closing Date Thursday, September 20th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(254) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 254, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 20th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(254) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, September 20th.**

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(254) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed .....

Address .....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 255. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **255** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 255,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 255.

Peace Traps	Better Off	Makes Father Talk	Tommy's Letter	I Don't Like
Rejected	My Wife's Relations	Very Close	Talking Through Hat	Telephone Girl
Upside Down	Thinking Hard	Hiding the Truth	In Wrong Box	Can't Do Without
For the Duration	Most Promising When	In the Garden	Cushy Job	The Kaiser Hopes

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 251st 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. RYDER,
17, Moss Side Road,
Cadishead, near Manchester.

Example:—LATEST PEACE PROPOSAL.
Bullet:—"CERTAINLY NOT" FROM US.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. CHARLES ALBERT LANGTON,
91, Hailsham Avenue,
Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

Example:—THE KAISER'S FRIENDS.
Bullet:—WILL RUSSIANS "TURN OUT."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. C. W. GOODWIN,
11, Causeway, Halstead, Essex.

Example:—LITTLE DUCK.
Bullet:—RAMSAY THINKS GERMAN EAGLE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. A. N. BEAZIER, 11, Wordsworth St., Liverpool, S.:
THE POPE—"PITY" DRAGGING HIM IN.

Mr. H. S. BROCK, St. James's Gate, Dublin:
OWING TO THE WAR—NAVY "GREATER" THAN EVER.

Mrs. W. WHITE, 41, Sedlescombe Rd. North, Silverhill, St. Leonard's-on-Sea:
THE KAISER'S FRIENDS—"STEALING" FROM FRANCE.

Mr. C. A. LARKHAM, Ringwood, Hants:
THE KAISER'S FRIENDS—NOT HIS ADVISERS.

Mr. A. R. PURCELL, 18, Dagmar Road, Victoria Park, Dorchester:
SLOW TO PART—ENGLAND WASN'T WITH HELIGOLAND.

Mr. C. W. RIDDELL, 45, Albert Street, Edinburgh:
LITTLE DUCK—MORE "LEG" THAN "WINGS."

Mr. G. GOMERSELL, 42, Victoria St., Belle Vue, Wakefield, Yorks:
WHAT NEXT?—NEVER SURPRISES TOMMY.

Mr. H. BAKER, 42, Gwyddon Road, Abercarn, Mon.:
PLAYING FOR SAFETY—THIS GENERATION FOR NEXT.

Mr. W. J. HOGG, 18, Walton Road, Liverpool:
THE LATEST PEACE PROPOSAL—LIKE ITS RECEPTION—COOL.

Mr. F. H. HALE, 7, Manchuria Road, Battersea, S.W. 11:
BELOW THE BELT—RAMSAY KEEPS HIS "SEAT."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. J. M. BLACKSTOCK, 19, Dixon Avenue, Crosshill Glasgow:
SLOW TO PART—WISE NEUTRALS WITH PROVISIONS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. J. HUDSON, c/o Mrs. Hexter, 3, Lawn Villas, Budleigh Salterton, South Devon:
THE GERMAN MARK—"DEDUCTIONS" READILY MADE.

Mr. C. JAMES, St. Kenelm's Well, Sudeley, nr. Winchcombe:
OWING TO THE WAR—MISTRESSES DEVELOPING "HOUSEMAIDS' KNEES."

Mrs. H. DAVIES, Grosvenor Café, Morriston, Swansea:
WHEN MINISTER RESIGNS—PALS HAVE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Cpl. D. HALL, R.I.F., Wondlestone Hospital, Ferryhill, Co. Durham:
BEGINNING TO TELL—BLUNDERS OF MEDICAL BOARDS.

Mr. T. CINNAMON, 11, Duke St., Whitehaven:
GLARING INDISCRETION—PEACE MEETING NEAR BRICKWORKS.

Mr. A. SAUNDERS, 23, Marsh Gate Lane, Stratford, E.:
HIDDEN TREASURE — EVERY SHIP'S WIRELESS OPERATOR.

Mr. A. S. MANNING, P.O. Stores Dept., 17-19, Bedford Street, London, W.C.:
TELLING FACTS—WON'T SECURE ARMY LEAVE.

Mr. R. MORRIS, Fire Station, Moseley Rd., Birmingham:
SLOW TO PART—TEETOTALERS WITH BREWERY SHARES.

Miss V. M. SMITH, Isington, Alton, Hants:
WHAT NEXT?—MILLENNIUM—ACCORDING TO STOCKHOLM.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

5.
"Free Hints about your Baby."
Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.
"GLAXO,"
155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1.

6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S**
HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.
Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees, JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

7 **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**
The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

8. **SAMUEL BROTHERS**
(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.
FREE Publications.
(8a) "Straight Tips for Subs." *(For Officer Cadets.)*
(8b) "Omne Tempus Raincoats." *(For All.)*
(8c) "The Seven Ages of Boyhood," *(For Juveniles.)*
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

9. ***Shorthand***
Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQRS. DEPT. 23 RAMSGATE.

"What d'ye lack?"

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, with full name and address, posting it to—
Dept. I.C. 11, "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

10. **"SWAN" PENS**

11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**
If you want to earn more—to "get on" in life—to obtain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.
11A Munition Work. 11G Mec. Engineering
11B Salesmanship. 11H Electrical do.
11C Advertising 11J Elec. Lighting, etc.
11D Motor Engring. 11K Wireless Telephy
11E Industrial Chem. 11L Architecture
11F Careers for Men. 11M Careers for Women
I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

12. **FREE**
each month an
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
Bright, helpful and interesting.
- - Just fits the pocket - -
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

14. **Is it an ALL-IN Policy?**
THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY
gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.
Ocean House, Old Broad St. E.C. 2.

2. **5,000**
British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of businessmen and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

3. **GOT THE BLUES?**
Don't worry. Vi-cps, that wonderful pick-me-up for jaded nerves, will put you right. They give new strength and vigour to body and mind of all sufferers from
NERVES, NEURASTHENIA, LACK OF VITALITY, PROSTRATION, &c.
FREE. An interesting brochure upon nerve treatment, for all sufferers sending name, address and ailment, to STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., Ltd., Dept. W.M., 23, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

4. **EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**
OF GUARANTESTED QUALITY
LISTS FREE.
BEES LTD.,
175x. MILL ST., LIVERPOOL.

INFORMATION COUPON.

Address to: Dept. I.C. 11, "JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I am interested in the Advts. numbered*_____

_____ Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

*Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.

Name _____

Address _____

in full _____

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
MATTHEW T. CROOKS, 30, Station Road, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent. August 18th. No. 606,229.
Mr. J. TAYLOR, 21, St. John's Hill, Edinburgh. August 18th. No. 629,021.
W. H. SMITH, 94, Alexandra Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings. August 18th. No. A141,325.
ALFRED HOWARD, 34, Portland Street, Pelaw-on-Tyne. August 18th. No. 291,520.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 8th:—

003,277	292,394	616,421	910,334	A229,916
036,128	314,890	645,855	936,765	A245,397
057,719	337,078	683,830	952,951	A277,136
081,530	359,403	714,188	987,892	A355,379
148,217	395,688	788,707	A000.557	A371,000
174,163	426,106	795,948	A036,201	A406,056
225,869	448,887	827,767	A054,464	A443,166
252,773	516,706	849,615	A093,666	A482,114
273,605	557,265	867,420	A158,104	A516,531
281,556	563,914	892,244	A182,837	A549,927

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Sept. 19th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Sept. 8. 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 042,716 and A318,422. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

September 15, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
THE INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, LONG ACRE, W.C.2

This is to certify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

September 15, 1917

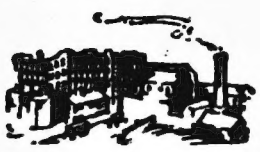
Made at Hammersmith

OSRAM

G.E.C.
DRAWN WIRE
LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of

BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIALS
BRITISH CAPITAL



Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works
Hammersmith W.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but my lace is broken. I really must make a point of buying Hurculaces."

Hurculaces
GUARANTEED BRITISH MAKE

Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots or shoes.

Well finished, closely plaited, solid and strong, the tags do not come off. Dyed in rich black or tan, which will not fade or become dingy; always smart, neat, and comfortable.

Stocked by high-class Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.

"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 20 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 25 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 20 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS

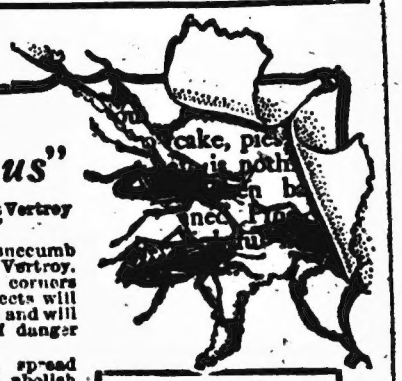
Prices: Nickel 1/3. Silverplated 1/9. Silver 5/-. Paper tubes 1,000 1/10; 500 1/-. post free New supply in, no waiting

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

"The next page for us"

"We regret having to go, but Vertroy means death to us."

All sorts of insect pests succumb to the devastating effect of Vertroy. A little sprinkled in the corners and places beloved of insects will speedily clear out the pest and will remove a great source of danger from the home.



Insects, besides being an annoyance, spread disease by carrying the germs. You can abolish this risk by using Vertroy Vermin Killer.

Vertroy is put up in handy sprinkler packages. It is a sweet-smelling powder—deadly to insects, but otherwise harmless.

Send a Box to the front and you will help to keep someone comfortable.

VERTROY
Vermin Killer

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in 3d., 6d., 1/-, and larger boxes.

Or 1/- size post free from W. Edge & Sons, Ltd., Bolton.

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EASY TERMS

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HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

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